

ST. NICHOLAS.

VOL. XXV.

JULY, 1898.

No. 9.

THE VANES OF NANTUCKET.

BY MARY E. STARBUCK.



WEATHER-SIGNAL AT NANTUCKET.

IN no other spot I know are found weather-vanes so interesting as in Nantucket; and there is at least one on the premises of every householder, for the weather has a great deal to do with Nantucket life. There is more of it than of anything else at the island, and the true Nantucketer has almost all he can do, or, perhaps, cares to attend to, in predicting and watching its changes. Afterward, if there is time, he arranges his business affairs accordingly; if not, he is likely to postpone them until "settled weather."

But perhaps you don't know about Nantucket. It is a little island lying off the coast of Massachusetts, but so far out on the edge of the world that the boys of Christopher Columbus's time would have wondered why it did n't fall off. However, it "stayed put," and there it is still — a little low-lying, sandy, wind-swept island, but to those who have once fallen under its spell no other place is ever quite so dear.

After leaving the mainland it seems just a lucky chance that we ever hit Nantucket; but we never fail to find it, for, as a shipwrecked sailor once said, "it lies right in the way of navigation."

As we pass the sandy cliffs and round Brant Point into the lovely harbor, suddenly a beautiful little city rises up before us out of the water; but somehow it is different from any inland city — and that brings me to the weather-vanes again.

Almost the first sight that catches the eye as we leave the wharf is the group of government weather-signals and vanes on the roof of the historic custom-house; for Nantucket is one of the most important signal-stations along the east coast.

Going up into the town, we soon find that the most popular vane is that called by the children the "sailor-man"; and he is indeed an attractive little fellow. He is always dressed in white trousers and blue monkey-jacket, and he wears



THE "SAILOR-MAN."

This little man has broad-bladed oars securely fastened in his chubby hands, and, perched aloft on a pole, he swings gaily about on a pivot with the breeze, while his oars revolve as the wind chooses. Sometimes he seems to be making

friendly signals, sometimes signs of distress, and often he appears to be violently whirling Indian clubs, as if he were taking his exercise on his own main truck.

This sailor vane is in such demand by summer visitors that making him has become a fairly paying business. One islander sold five hundred in one year. And this Nantucket product, like the real sailor himself, travels to all parts of the world. Whether he works as surely and vigorously in a land breeze, we are not able to say. Perhaps he is even more frisky, as true sailor-men are said to be when they go ashore.

Next in favor to the rather flat-faced sailor is a Roman soldier, who is armed with a broadsword in one hand, and protected by a shield in the other. He also wears a helmet, and he is usually all of one color—a sort of golden brown, because he is only shellacked.

He does n't caper quite so merrily as the sailor, and he looks rather more dignified, as, indeed, he should; for in the old whaling days, at least, there was no time on shipboard for daily drills or dress-parade. Jack Tar had to be on deck when he was needed, and how he got there, or how he looked when he did get there, nobody knew or cared.

The soldier, however, is related to the sailor,



SOME OF THE VANES WAITING FOR CUSTOMERS.

as any one may see who watches him at work when the wind blows. At first he swings indolently about on his pole, giving his sword a slow turn to get a good grip. Then, raising his shield defiantly, he seems to gain confidence as the wind increases; his battle fervor rises, and he plies his little sword so vigorously, and swings his shield so dexterously, that no enemy of his own size would ever think it worth while to attack him, at any range.

Long ago, when the only Nantucket boys were Indian boys, the only boats were canoes; and so, though nowadays no white Nantucket

boy, however sunburned, deigns to think of trading a dory for any kind of canoe, even the winner of a university race, it seems right that a token should in some object be kept, if only in a weather-vane, of those first islanders who long



THE INDIAN IN HIS BARK CANOE.

ago paddled about the same blue and silver harbor under the same blue and tender sky.

The picture does not show a very handsome boy, though it is a good likeness of the Indian youth who now dips his paddles idly into the soft air, as his canoe changes its course with the breeze. But a high wind sometimes excites him so much that his paddles fly around as if he were eager to get back to the sea, which is so hopelessly far away.

Last of all the favorites—and perhaps he

ought to have been mentioned first, because to him is due the prosperity of old Nantucket—is the whale. He is usually painted black all over, but sometimes there is a white spot near



"THE WHALE IS NOT SO ASTONISHINGLY AGILE AS THE LITTLE MEN."

the head to show where the fin should be. He is not so astonishingly agile as even the least active of the little men, but his dark silhouette is very imposing against the glorious Nantucket sky. It is interesting to watch him heading lazily up into the wind, or coming suddenly about as if he had jibed, when a flaw strikes him. Of course he can't dive, for he, too, is pierced through with a long spike that holds him securely to the pole, though he is free to look about him at the call of the wind.

And since he can't dive, of course he can't come up to blow. But he moves around as much as he can, and wherever he looks he sees the changing sea, and thinks, perhaps, that he might just as well be made fast to a flagpole as

to be hunted by ruthless enemies, who would wound him with sharp lances, or bombs that explode far down out of sight in his huge bulk, and who would then tow him alongside a ship, and strip off his fat with blubber-spades, that it might be boiled up in the big iron pots, and would pull out all his teeth, with no laughing-gas at hand. All these indignities he is spared.

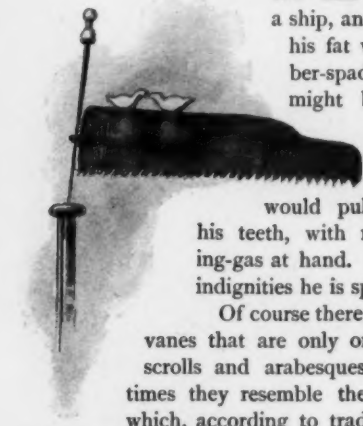
Of course there are many vanes that are only ornamental scrolls and arabesques. Sometimes they resemble the dragons which, according to tradition, the early Nantucket settlers left behind in their English forests; often they suggest the sea-serpents, whose existence is almost as probable as that of the dragons.

In one of the little lanes that add to the

charm of this old town is a huge half-closed hand pointing a warning forefinger to windward; and in a secluded, shady yard two doves seem to be enjoying a never-ending conversation as they balance on the edge of an old hand-saw that does duty as a weather-vane.

There are many weather-cocks, too, and on the building belonging to the Nantucket Historical Association is a famous old rooster. No gilded fancy fowl is he, but a soberly painted, weather-wise bird, as he ought to be, having lived out in storm and sunshine, on school belfry, workshop, and meeting-house, for more than seventy years. His portrait is the highest in the picture below, and how well preserved and dignified he is you may see for yourselves, and also how he differs from other cocks in the shape of his tail, which, as Shakspeare would say, "is very like" that of a fish.

Perhaps some day you, too, will sail out to this once famous island, and see for yourselves these curious vanes, and will find what they all mean; for everything at Nantucket is part of a story, and the very best tales always begin something like this: "Away back in the twenties, when I was a boy ——"



THE HAND-SAW.



"THERE ARE MANY KINDS OF VANES."

THE BUCCANEERS AND PIRATES OF OUR COAST.

BY FRANK R. STOCKTON.



[This series was begun in the November number.]

CHAPTER XXVII.

THE PIRATE OF THE BURIED TREASURE.

AMONG all the pirates who have figured in history, legend or song there is one whose name stands preëminent in America as the typical hero of the dreaded black flag. The name of this man will instantly come to the mind of almost every reader, for when we speak of pirates we usually think of Captain Kidd.

In fact, however, Captain Kidd was not a typical pirate, for in many ways he was different from the ordinary marine freebooter, especially when we consider him in relation to our own

country. All other pirates who made themselves notorious on our coast were known as robbers, pillagers, and ruthless destroyers of life and property, but Captain Kidd's fame was of another kind. We do not think of him as a pirate who came to carry away the property of American citizens, for nearly all the stories about him relate to his arrival at different points on our shores for the sole purpose of hiding the rich treasures which he had collected in other parts of the world.

This could not fail to make Captain Kidd a most interesting personage, and the result has been that he has been lifted into the region of legendary romance. There are two Captain Kidds—the Kidd of song and story, and the other the Kidd of fact, and we will consider these separately.

In almost any rural settlement along the coast of New Jersey or Long Island, some old resident would probably point out to us the blackened and weather-beaten ribs of a great ship which had been wrecked on the sand-bar off the coast during a terrible storm long ago; he would show us where the bathing was pleasant and safe; he would tell us of the best place for fishing, and perhaps show us the high bluff a little back from the beach from which the Indian maiden leaped to escape the tomahawk of her enemy, and then he would be almost sure to tell us of the secluded spot where it was said Captain Kidd and his pirates once buried a lot of treasure.

If we should ask why this treasure had not been dug up, he would probably say that if anybody did find it they never said anything about it; and it was his opinion that if Captain Kidd ever put any gold or silver, or precious stones, under the ground on that part of the coast that these treasures were all there yet.

Many extensive excavations have been made along the coasts of our northern States; and even in quiet woods lying miles from the sea, to which it would have been necessary for the pirates to carry their goods in wagons, people have dug and hoped and have gone away sadly to attend to more sensible business. Far up some of our rivers — where a pirate vessel never floated — people have dug with the same hopeful anxiety, and have stopped digging in the same condition of disappointment. Sometimes companies were organized, stock was issued and subscribed for, and the excavations were conducted under the direction of skilful treasure-seeking engineers.

What has been said about the legendary Captain Kidd will give a very good idea of the estimation in which this romantic being has been, and still is, held in various parts of the country, but of all the legitimate legends about him there is not one which recounts his piratical deeds upon our coast. The reason for this will be seen when we consider in the next chapter the life and character of the real Captain Kidd.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

THE REAL CAPTAIN KIDD.

WILLIAM KIDD, or Robert Kidd as he is sometimes called, was at first a sailor in the merchant service who had a wife and family in New York. He was a very respectable man and had a good reputation as a seaman, and about 1690, when there was war between England and France, Kidd was put in command of a privateer, and in two or three engagements with French vessels he showed himself to be a brave fighter and a prudent commander.

Some years later he sailed to England, and while there he received an appointment of a peculiar character. It was at the time when the King of England was doing his best to put down the pirates of the American coast, and Sir George Bellomont, the recently appointed governor of New York, recommended Captain Kidd as a suitable man to command a ship to be sent out to suppress piracy. When Kidd agreed to take the position of chief of marine police he was not employed by the Crown, but by a small company of gentlemen of capital,

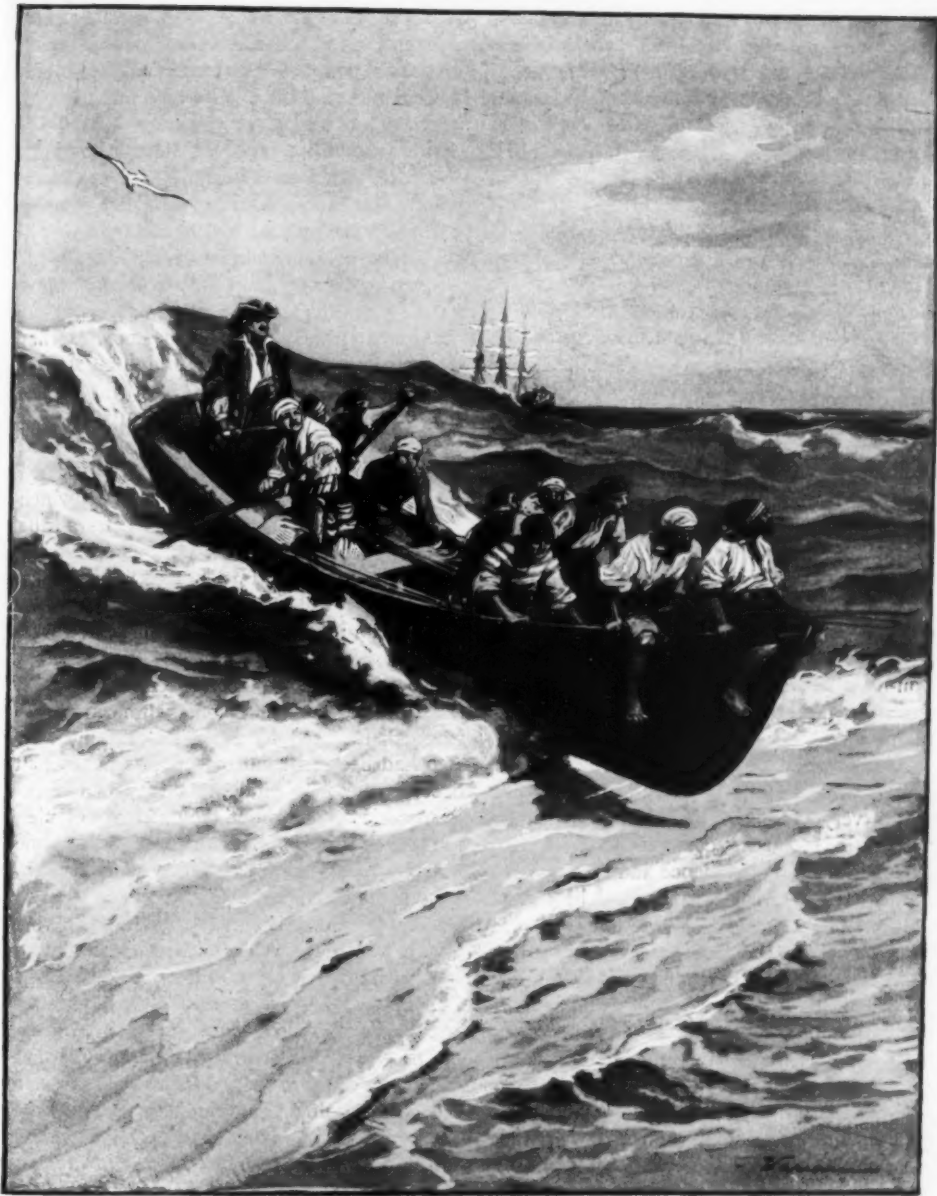
who formed themselves into a sort of trust-company or Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Merchantmen, and the object of their association was not only to put down pirates but to put some money in their own pockets as well.

Kidd was furnished with two commissions, one appointing him a privateer with authority to capture French vessels, and the other empowering him to seize and destroy all pirate ships. Kidd was ordered to keep a strict account of the booty captured on his cruise in order that it might be fairly divided among those who were stockholders in the enterprise, one tenth of the total proceeds being reserved for the king.

Kidd sailed from England in the "Adventure," a large ship with thirty guns and eighty men, and on his way to America he captured a French ship which he carried to New York. Here he arranged to make his crew a great deal larger than had been thought necessary in England, and by offering a fair share of the property he might confiscate on piratical or French ships, he induced a great many able seamen to enter his service, and when the Adventure left New York she carried a crew of one hundred and fifty.

With a fine ship and a strong crew, Kidd now sailed out of the harbor apparently to put down piracy in American waters; but his methods were very peculiar, for instead of cruising up and down our coast he gaily sailed away to the island of Madeira, and then around the Cape of Good Hope to Madagascar and the Red Sea, thus getting himself as far out of his regular beat as any New York policeman would be if he should walk a beat in the dominions of the Khan of Tartary.

By the time Captain Kidd reached that part of the world he had been at sea for nearly a year without putting down any pirates or capturing any French ships. In fact, he had made no money whatever for himself or for the stockholders of the company which had sent him out. His men, of course, must have been very much surprised at this unusual neglect of his own and his employers' interests, but when he reached the Red Sea he boldly informed them that he had made a change in his busi-



"CAPTAIN KIDD LANDED HERE WITH HIS SAVAGE CREW."

ness, and had decided that he would be no longer a suppressor of piracy but would become a pirate himself, and instead of taking prizes of French ships only—which he was

legally empowered to do—he would try to capture any valuable ship he could find on the seas, no matter to what nation it belonged. He then went on to state that his present pur-

pose in coming into those Oriental waters was to capture the rich fleet from Mocha which was due in the lower part of the Red Sea about that time. Allured by his attractive proposals, the crew of the *Adventure* readily agreed to become pirates.

Kidd waited a good while for the Mocha fleet, but it did not arrive; and then he made his first venture in actual piracy. He overhauled a Moorish vessel commanded by an English captain, and thus boldly broke the marine laws which governed the civilized world, and stamped himself an out-and-out pirate. After the exercise of considerable cruelty he extorted from his first prize a small amount of money. Although he and his men did not gain very much booty, they had whetted their appetites for more, and Kidd cruised savagely over the Eastern seas in search of other spoils.

One of the men, a gunner, named William Moore, one day became impertinent because Kidd did not attack an English vessel, and he and Captain Kidd had a violent quarrel, in the course of which the captain picked up a heavy iron-bound bucket and struck the dissatisfied gunner such a powerful blow that the man died the next day.

Kidd now ravaged the East India waters with great success and profit, and at last he fell in with a very fine ship from Armenia, called the "*Quedah Merchant*," commanded by an Englishman. Kidd's conscience had been growing harder and harder every day, and he did not now hesitate to attack any vessel. The great merchantman proved to be one of the most valuable prizes ever taken by a pirate, for Kidd's own share of the spoils amounted to more than sixty thousand dollars. This was such a grand haul that Kidd lost no time in taking his prize to some place where he might safely dispose of her cargo and get rid of her passengers. Accordingly he sailed for Madagascar. While he was there he fell in with the first pirate vessel he had met since he had started out to put down piracy. This was a ship commanded by an English pirate named Culliford; and here would have been a chance for Captain Kidd to show that, although he might transgress the law himself, he would be

true to his engagement not to allow other people to do so; but he had no idea of putting down piracy, and instead of apprehending Culliford he went into partnership with him, and the two agreed to go pirating together.

This partnership, however, did not continue long, for Captain Kidd began to believe that it was time for him to return to his native country and make a report of his proceedings to his employers. Having confined his piratical proceedings to distant parts of the world, he hoped that he would be able to make Sir George Bellomont and other stockholders suppose that his booty was all taken from French vessels cruising in the East, and that when the proper division should be made he would be able to quietly enjoy his portion of the treasure he had gained.

He did not go back in the *Adventure*, which was probably not large enough to carry all the booty he had amassed, but putting everything on board his latest prize, the *Quedah Merchant*, he burned his old ship and sailed homeward.

When he reached the West Indies, however, our wary sea-robber was very much surprised to find that accounts of his evil deeds had reached America, and that the colonial authorities were so much incensed by the news that the man who had been sent out to suppress piracy had become himself a pirate, that they had circulated notices throughout the different colonies, urging the arrest of Kidd if he should come into any American port. This was disheartening intelligence for the treasure-laden Captain Kidd. But he did not despair; he knew that love of money was often as strong in the minds of human beings as love of justice. Sir George Bellomont, who was now in New York, was one of the principal stockholders in the enterprise, and Kidd hoped that the rich share of the results of his industry which would come to the governor might cause unpleasant reports to be disregarded. In this case he might yet return to his wife and family with a neat little fortune and without danger of being called upon to explain his irregular performances in the Eastern seas.

Of course Kidd was not so foolish and rash as to sail into New York harbor on board the *Quedah Merchant*, so he bought a small sloop

and put the most valuable portion of his goods aboard of her, leaving his larger vessel, which also contained a great quantity of merchandise, in charge of one of his confederates; and in the little sloop he cautiously approached the coast of New Jersey. His great desire was to find out what sort of a reception he might expect, so he entered Delaware Bay. And when he stopped at a little seaport in order to take in some supplies, Kidd discovered that there was but small chance of his visiting his home and his family, and of making a report to his superior in the character of a deserving mariner who had returned after a successful voyage.

Some people in the village recognized him, and the report soon spread to New York that the pirate Kidd was lurking about the coast. A sloop of war was sent out to capture his vessel, and so Kidd sailed northward and entered Long Island Sound.

Here the shrewd and anxious pirate began to act the part of the watch-dog that has been killing sheep. In every way he endeavored to assume the appearance of innocence and to conceal every sign of misbehavior. He wrote to Sir George Bellomont that he should have called upon him in order to report his proceedings and hand over his profits were it not for the false and malicious reports which had been circulated about him.

It was during this period of suspense, when

the returned pirate did not know what was likely to happen, that it is supposed, by the believers in the hidden treasures of Kidd, that he buried his coin and bullion and his jewels, some in one place and some in another, so that if he were captured his riches would not be



CAPTAIN KIDD ATTACKS THE "QUEDAH MERCHANT."

taken with him. Among the wild stories which were believed at that time, and for long years after, was one to the effect that Captain Kidd's ship was chased up the Hudson River by a man-of-war, whereupon the pirates, finding that they could not get away, sunk their ship and fled to the shore with all the gold and silver

they could carry, which they afterward buried at the foot of Dunderberg Mountain. A great deal of rocky soil has been turned over at different times in search of these treasures, but no discoveries of hidden coin have yet been reported. The fact is, however, that during this time of anxious waiting Kidd never sailed

turbed and anxious pirate concluded that it was a dangerous thing to keep so much valuable treasure on board his vessel, which might at any time be overhauled by the authorities, and he therefore landed at Gardiner's Island on the Long Island coast, and obtained permission from the proprietor to bury some of his super-

fluous stores upon his estate. This was a straightforward transaction. Mr. Gardiner knew all about the burial of the treasure, and when it was afterwards proved that Kidd was really a pirate all the hidden booty was given up to the government.

This appears to be the only case in which it was positively known that Kidd buried treasure on our coast, and it has given rise to all the stories of the kind which have ever been told.

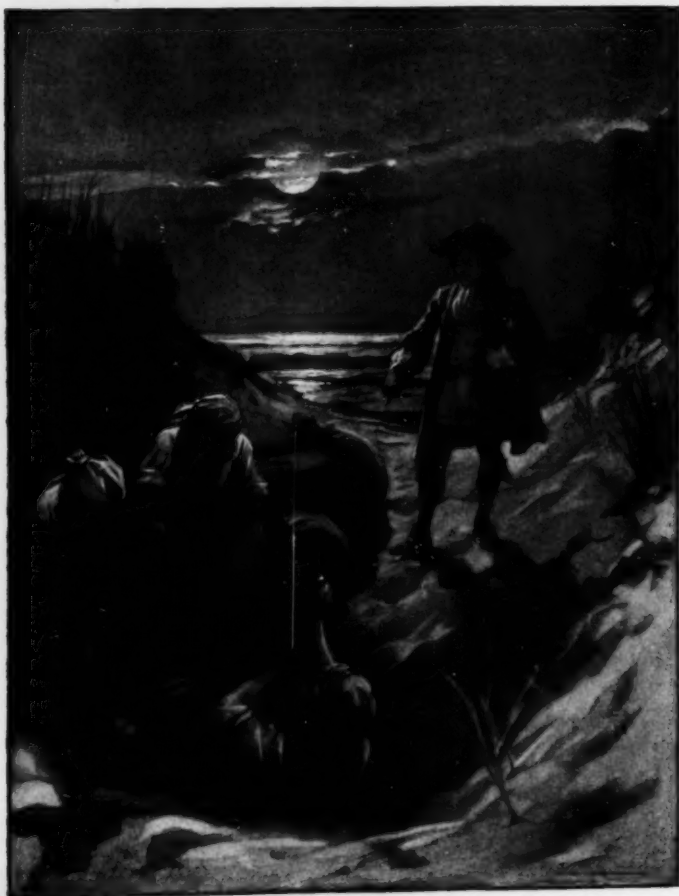
For some weeks Kidd's sloop remained in Long Island Sound, and then he took courage and went to Boston to see some influential people there. He was allowed to go freely about the city for a week, and then he was arrested.

The rest of Kidd's story is soon told; he was sent to England for trial, and there he was condemned to death.

west of Oyster Bay in Long Island. He was afraid to approach New York, although he had frequent communication with that city, and was joined by his wife and family.

About this time occurred an incident which has given rise to all the stories regarding the buried treasure of Captain Kidd. The dis-

About the time of Kidd's trial and execution a ballad was written which had a wide circulation in England and America. It was set to music, and for many years helped to spread the fame of this pirate. The ballad was a very long one, containing nearly twenty-six verses. Here are a few of them:



CAPTAIN KIDD BURYING HIS TREASURE.

My name was Robert Kidd, as I sailed, as I sailed,
 My name was Robert Kidd, as I sailed;
 My name was Robert Kidd,
 God's laws I did forbid,
 And so wickedly I did, as I sailed.

I was sick, and nigh to death, as I sailed, as I sailed;
 I was sick and nigh to death as I sailed;
 I was sick and nigh to death,
 And I vowed at every breath,
 To walk in wisdom's ways, as I sailed.

I thought I was undone, as I sailed, as I sailed;
 I thought I was undone, as I sailed;
 I thought I was undone,
 And my wicked glass had run,
 But health did soon return, as I sailed.

I spied the ships from France, as I sailed, as I sailed;
 I spied the ships from France, as I sailed;
 I spied the ships from France,
 To them I did advance,
 And took them all by chance, as I sailed.

I spied the ships of Spain, as I sailed, as I sailed;
 I spied the ships of Spain, as I sailed;
 I spied the ships of Spain,
 I fired on them amain,
 Till most of them were slain, as I sailed.

I 'd ninety bars of gold, as I sailed, as I sailed;
 I 'd ninety bars of gold, as I sailed;
 I 'd ninety bars of gold,
 And dollars manifold,
 With riches uncontrolled, as I sailed.

Thus being o'ertaken at last, I must die, I must die;
 Thus being o'ertaken at last, I must die;
 Thus being o'ertaken at last
 And into prison cast,
 And sentence being passed, I must die.

It is said that Kidd showed no repentance when he was tried, but insisted that he was the victim of malicious persons who swore falsely against him. And yet a more thoroughly dishonest rascal never sailed under the black flag. In the guise of an accredited officer of the government, he committed the crimes he was sent out to suppress; he deceived his men; he robbed and misused his fellow-countrymen and his friends; and he even descended to the meanness of cheating and despoiling the natives of the West India Islands with whom he traded. These people were in the habit of supplying pirates with food and other neces-

saries, and they always found their rough customers entirely honest and willing to pay for what they received, for as the pirates made a practice of stopping at certain points for supplies, they wished, of course, to be on good terms with those who furnished them. But Kidd had no ideas of honor toward people of high or low degree. He would trade with the natives as if he intended to treat them fairly and pay for all he got, but when the time came for him to depart and he was ready to weigh anchor, he would seize upon all the commodities he could lay his hands on, and without paying a copper to the distressed and indignant Indians he would gaily sail away, his black flag flaunting derisively in the wind.

But although in reality Captain Kidd was no hero, he has been known for a century and more as the great American pirate, and his name has been representative of piracy ever since. Years after he had been hung, when people heard that a vessel with a black flag—or one which looked black in the distance—flying from its rigging had been seen, they forgot that the famous pirate was dead, and imagined that Captain Kidd was visiting their part of the coast in order that he might find a good place to bury some treasure which it was no longer safe for him to carry about.

Human beings are so credulous, and at the same time so anxious to get a large amount of money with a small amount of work, that stories of Kidd's buried treasures are still told and believed, and people are still digging for them.

There were two great reasons for the fame of Captain Kidd. One of these was the fact that he had been sent out by important officers of the Crown, who expected to share the profits of his legitimate operations, but who were supposed by their enemies to be perfectly willing to take any sort of profits provided it could not be proved that they were the results of piracy, and who afterward allowed Kidd to suffer for their sins as well as his own. These opinions introduced certain political features into his career and made him a very much talked of man. The greater reason for his fame, however, was that wide-spread belief in his buried treasures, and this made him the object of the most intense interest to hundreds of misguided

people who hoped to be lucky enough to share his spoils.

There were other pirates on the American coast during the Eighteenth Century, and some of them became very well known, but their stories are not uncommon and we need not tell them here. As our country became better settled, and as well-armed revenue cutters began to cruise up and down our Atlantic coast for the protection of our commerce, pirates became fewer and fewer, and even those who were still bold enough to ply their trade grew milder in their manners, less daring in their exploits, and—more important than anything else,—so un-

successful in their illegal enterprises that they were forced to admit that it was now more profitable to command or work a merchantman than to endeavor to capture one, and so our sea-robbers gradually passed away.

In these later days the term piracy has been generally confined to unprincipled persons in the book-trade who seize upon the works of authors and make use of them without right or authority. But the international copyright law has almost done away with this kind of piracy, and those who practise it would now be almost as difficult to find as a Buccaneer, a Blackbeard, a Bonnet, or a Kidd.

THE END.



THE MUSICAL CRITIC OF "THE EVENING CROAK" APPROACHES!

THE TREASURE AT THE END OF THE RAINBOW.

BY A. E. BONSER.

THE old King of Curios was an enthusiastic collector of everything strange or rare, and he spared neither pains nor time nor money in adding to his treasures. A slight idea of the value of his collection may be gained from the fact that it contained, among other curiosities, the cloak of Little Red Riding-hood; a nightcap of one of the Seven Sleepers; the tuffet on which sat Miss Muffet; the pail of Simple Simon; a chimney-pot from the house that Jack built; and pickled peppers picked by Peter Piper.

Now, it happened, one day, that the King heard of the Treasure at the End of the Rainbow, and nothing would do but he must have *that*; and he forthwith summoned the chancellor of the exchequer.

"Oh, but really, your Majesty," said that functionary, "there is only just enough money in your Majesty's coffers to meet the expenses of the state, and we had to raise a loan on part of the regalia to get the peppers. It is against the law to put an extra tax on the people, or we might do it that way. Oh, dear!" he ended ruefully; "if we can't, how can we?"

The difficulty of the position only increased the King's desire. He passed sleepless nights in consideration, and then issued a proclamation:

"Oyes! Oyes! Oyes! Whoso shall bring to his Majesty the Treasure at the End of the Rainbow shall marry his daughter, her Royal Highness the peerless Princess Bloochina. And may the King live forever!"

It was indeed a most tempting prize, for the lady was celebrated all the world over for her beauty and goodness. Two princes, four barons, a lion-tamer, a thistle-sifter, the owner of a Jerusalem pony, and a score of other adventurers immediately resolved to try their luck. But six months of hardship was quite enough for the princes. As to the barons, they traveled together for company, but continually squabbled over trifles — such as who should go

first. Some of the suitors thought the treasure was far out on the ocean, and could not reach it for seasickness; others lost themselves in



"THE KING PASSED SLEEPLESS NIGHTS IN CONSIDERATION."

wandering over the mountains; and so it fell out that, at the end of a year and a day, all but one had returned to their homes and given up the quest as quite hopeless. The only one who did not despair was a handsome youth named Nicnack.

Try to get to the end of the very next rainbow you see. Walk for an hour, and you will probably find that you are no nearer to it than when you started. You will then more easily understand Nicnack's difficulty. Now, his god-mother, instead of presenting him at his christening with the traditional mug, gave him what was far more useful — a bottle of ink. It came

from the East, had belonged originally to the Sultan Abdul-as-is-n't, and was magical ink.

Nicnack poured the contents of the bottle into a broad, shallow basin, and, keeping the rainbow in mind, looked long and steadfastly at the inky surface. At first he could see only a reflection of his own face; then it clouded over. By and by he saw a tent, and after a time a negro, waving a flag in each hand, one white, one red. Then followed the sultan himself, on horseback. He disappeared, and the inky surface was again clouded. Nicnack gazed, holding his breath, and lo! an invisible hand wrote in crimson the following couplet:

You must look
In Merlin's book.

So far, you see, Nicnack's difficulties had multiplied by two: he had to find the rainbow, and now, before he could do that, he must find Merlin's book. He had heard, of course, of the famous wizard; but as to his book—it might have been buried with him, for aught Nicnack knew. As it contained magic, it was a dangerous volume for the general public to get hold of, and it struck him that Merlin might have left instructions in his will as to what was to be done with it. So he went to the Curios Record Office, and asked to look at it. It was written on an enormous sheet of yellow parchment, and he spent a lot of time laboring through the crabbed writing, without success; then there followed a codicil, and he waded through that. Alas! he could find no mention of the book!

There is no denying that Nicnack felt grievously disappointed. Closing the will, he sat staring at the heading, and read mechanically, "Will of Merlin, the Great Wizard." Then followed the motto, *Dum spiro, spero* ("While I breathe, I hope"); and underneath an oblong frame, thus:



He began to examine it closely, and as he did so he noticed what looked like writing; but if it was really writing, it was of a very ghostly kind, for it kept appearing and then fading away in the most tantalizing manner. A sud-

den thought flashed through his brain. "While I breathe, I hope"—"while I hope, I breathe." Was it his breath which brought into view the hidden words? He breathed along the vacant space, when, to his great joy, the writing was plainly to be seen, and with ease he read:

Ye magic book,	Yet would you looke;	Be brave, and dare,
Is at Ta'care,	Beware, beware!	But still take care!

As he finished reading, the mysterious writing again faded from view; but he knew now the next step to take.

It chanced that a vessel, named, strangely enough, the "Beware," was lying by the quay side, ready to sail for a port not far from Ta'care, with a cargo of mouse-traps and umbrellas; and Nicnack engaged a berth on board her. She was built of cakes of compressed oil, which, oozing as she sailed, calmed the troubled waters. Her puncture-proof pneumatic keel was a security against sunken rocks. Her masts and spars were made of "rock variety" and "hard-bake," so that those aboard might not be without creature comforts in an emergency. The sailors kept glass eyes in their pockets, and had crutches strapped to their backs, in case of accidents. The vessel carried a duplicate captain and crew—as the crew proper might be carried off by pirates. All dangerous places were plainly labeled, "BEWARE," and the letters on her bows spelled the same word in luminous paint, easily readable at night, and so lessening the dangers of collision.

The voyage was pleasant and uneventful, and in due course the vessel reached her destination. It was then but a two days' journey across the hills to the city of Ta'care.

The inhabitants of Ta'care, as you have probably read, are celebrated for their forethought. To a stranger the place, seen from a distance, presents a curious appearance, which is increased on a nearer view. Its houses are built of hard gingerbread, captains' biscuits, stale bread, frozen fish—anything, in fact, of a sufficient building consistency combined with nourishing qualities. This is a precaution taken against a possible famine; for, though the surrounding country is very fertile, and provisions are abundant, at any time the crops *might* fail

or the harvests be destroyed. In this event the inhabitants could eat their own houses.

Again, each dwelling, each public building, is shored up, as a precaution against its tumbling down; and this affords work for a class of persons called "proppers," whose duty it is

Anyhow, was it their duty to alarm the town? While they were debating, a wearied rider arrived on a jaded horse.

"Good evening," said the stranger. "Would you kindly direct me to the nearest inn?"

As a matter of precaution no one answered,



"QUITE A NUMBER OF PEOPLE WERE DOING THE SUPPER-MILE." (SEE NEXT PAGE.)

to keep the supporting props in good order. The streets and sidewalks are laid with india-rubber, in case any one should fall; the ends of the thoroughfares are protected from drafts; and at intervals pillars are set up, with taps, which, on being turned, supply medicines — "for," say the wise people of Ta'care, "prevention is better than cure."

One evening a group of proppers on the outskirts of the town were eagerly engaged over an important question. The moon was at the full, and so near and large and bright that they had doubts as to her being quite safe. Suppose she were to fall? It was an awful thought. Her fastenings might be worn out with age!

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but all looked at the eldest propper, who replied, after a pause:

"First to the left, first to right,
But even then you 're not there quite;
Go round the corner and cross the square,
And when you 've got there, then you 're there.
If you ride quickly you 'll get there soon.
We 'd show you the way, but we 're minding the moon."

The stranger thanked them for their courtesy, and rode in the direction indicated. He put up at the inn, and at once ordered supper. The walls of the room in which he ate it were adorned with proverbs and wise sayings instead of pictures, and each dish and plate upon

the table bore upon it the reminder: "Enough is as good as a feast." When the waiter cleared away he placed a framed card upon the cloth: "After supper walk a mile." The stranger, half vexed and half amused, rose from the table and put on his hat to go out. As he was leaving the hotel, the porter said, pointing, "You 'll find the supper-mile over there, sir."

Quite a number of people were doing the supper-mile, but the stranger took no notice of any one, and paced steadily along, lost in thought. He was a man with an idea in his head, and was trying hard to work it out.

Returning to the inn, he found the front illuminated with the proverb:

Early to bed, and early to rise,
Makes a man healthy, and wealthy, and wise.

So, conforming to the custom, he went to bed, and, tired with his journey, soon fell fast asleep.

In the midst of Ta'care is an immense open space, containing in the middle a huge fire-proof building, the Museum, where everything of value and importance is carefully stored. Early in the morning, as soon as it was open, Nicnack—for the stranger was he—entered the Museum and asked to see Merlin's great Book of Magic.

"Bless me!" said the curator; "why, we have not had a single inquiry for it during the last hundred years! It is so dangerous that it is kept by itself in an underground room. But is your motive curiosity?"

"No," replied Nicnack.

"To make money, perhaps?"

"Certainly not."

"All right, then," said the curator; "you can look at it; but you must be alone, and don't be afraid of anything that may occur."

Nicnack could not help feeling very nervous when the door of the room deep down below the surface of the earth shut with a bang, and left him alone with the object of his search, and in a dim light. Secured to the four walls by seven chains was the enormous book, tightly bound by seven clasps. With fairly steady fingers he undid first one and then another, and resolutely turned the cover, which was so heavy that he had to put forth all his strength.

As he did so, a flash of lightning lit up the

room, and the thunder that followed shook the walls. In the moment that the flash lasted he had just time to perceive written on the open page in ancient characters these words:

*Whoe'er woulde finde ye Botre
Toe Fairielande muste goe;
The Fotole, Phoenix ptept, righte soone
Forth from ye Mountains of ye Moone,
Him blindfolde shall conveye
Toe countrie of ye Faye.*

Another vivid flash of lightning illumined the page, and the letters seemed graven in characters of fire. A crash of thunder even louder than before shook the place to its foundations. Then the dim light again prevailed in the vault; and lo! the big volume was closed, the seven clasps had been refastened, and everything was as when Nicnack entered.

Now, the best way to reach the Mountains of the Moon is on the back of a unicorn. The only one to be found at Ta'care was in the Zoological Gardens; but Nicnack was fortunate enough to be able to borrow it, and lost no time, you may be sure, in starting. Day by day he traveled across the desert; night by night he scooped out a hole in the sand, and slept with his body warmly buried below and only his head visible above, while the unicorn rested near him, tethered by its horn. Never had a traveler a better steed, but, fast as they sped, it was fully a month before they approached the Mountains of the Moon and saw the lofty summits piercing the sky.

Nicnack's first care was to find a nice dry cavern in which to stable the unicorn; then he attentively considered the big range before him. He noticed not far away an isolated peak on whose topmost point the moon's rays seemed to center so that it was always bathed in light. Here he hoped that he might find the Phenix. Up and up he clambered, and, as he drew nearer, every now and then a flash of light, as if from a mirror, streamed in his eyes. It came from the peak, and surely he caught the flutter of wings—the golden wings of the Sun-bird!

As he advanced, he was surprised to hear his name called in melodious accents.

"Nicnack," said the Phenix, peeping over

the edge,—for it was indeed the royal bird,—“is that you? I have been expecting your visit. You can help me, and I can help you. I am short of cinnamon sticks. Down where you stand you can see over yonder a grove of the spice. The unicorn will take you to it. Please get me some; and,” the Phenix added

my funeral. You see, I am building my funeral pyre—cinnamon, myrrh, and frankincense. At noon, when all is ready, I shall mount the pyre, and you can light it with this burning-glass. Before I die I will sing you a beautiful song. Directly I am burned I shall rise—a new bird—from my ashes. As I soar, you



thoughtfully, “while you are about it, you might bring three straight young palm-trees.”

Down climbed Nicnack; off he sped on the unicorn's back, and soon returned with the spice and palms.

“Thank you, Nicnack,” said the Phenix; “but you're tired, so sit down and rest, and tell me what you want in Fairyland. You see, I know a good deal about you already.”

Nicnack was more than ever astonished; but he frankly told the Phenix of his adorable Princess, and how he hoped to win her by finding the Treasure at the End of the Rainbow. The bird listened attentively, and then remarked:

“You're a lucky fellow, you are! I'm five hundred years old to-morrow. Dear, dear! How time flies! Yes; you're decidedly in luck! To-morrow, as I observed, is my birthday. I, the Sun-bird, have come to the Mountains of the Moon to die, and you can assist at

“THEY APPROACHED THE MOUNTAINS OF THE MOON, AND SAW THE LOFTY SUMMITS.”

must spring on my back, and I will take you to Fairyland. Your difficulty will be to get through the flames without being burned; but I will tell you to-morrow how it can be managed.”

During the rest of the day Nicnack helped the Phenix so willingly that it was greatly pleased. “Good night,” it said; “and when you come in the morning remember all that I have told you.”

You may imagine that Nicnack was up betimes, and climbed to the peak. He found the bird much changed, and evidently weaker.

"Ah, there you are!" it remarked, with a sad smile. "I am glad you have come so soon, as we still have plenty to do."

The two worked away busily at the funeral pyre, which was finished an hour before noon.

"And now," said the Phenix, "you will see what I wanted the palm-trees for. Let us set the stems up so, in the form of a tripod. At the top you will be out of reach of the fire, and can easily jump from them on to my back."

It was now within a few minutes of twelve o'clock; so the Phenix mounted the funeral pyre, and then Nicnack, having lighted it by means of the burning-glass, climbed to the top of the tripod. Soon the spices began to give out a delicious fragrance, and the Phenix began to sing. It was as if a hundred nightingales were singing. As the flames rose higher so the strains grew feebler, until slowly they died away into silence.

Nicnack looked. Naught remained of the splendid Sun-bird but its ashes! And lo! as he looked, forth from those ashes there rose another Phenix, more beautiful even than the first; and as it soared upward he leaped upon its back. Higher and higher it mounted through the boundless realms of air, on broad, strong pinions that never for a moment flagged, away, away, toward Fairyland.

A fairy's life is by no means all play — "nothing to do, and plenty of time to do it in"; not a bit of it! Idleness is misery, and "all play and no work" is, if anything, worse than "all work and no play," and happiness is found between the two. A vast deal lies in taking a thorough interest in what one has to do, and doing it with one's might; and of all work, that of the fairies is perhaps most interesting.

In many parts of Fairyland there are hospitals where gnats, flies, bees, and other humble creatures are taken in, when injured, and carefully tended. There are schools for teaching spinning to spiders and caterpillars, and weaving to the weaver-bird; schools for the blind, where moles may learn to burrow; swimming schools for fishes; flying schools for birds and such fishes as care to learn; perfume factories,

where the perfume is made that scents the jasmine, sweet-pea, the lily, and the rose. There are storehouses, too, of splendid dreams and castles in the air. When you see a baby's face rippled with smiles as he sleeps, you may be sure that the fairies are whispering beautiful thoughts or showing him lovely pictures.

But the part of Fairyland to which Nicnack had come was devoted to quite different occupations: it was a store-place of wonders. Here the *aurora-borealis* was treasured; here, too, might be seen an assortment of halos, mock suns, mock moons, and the various forms of mirage. But, what was of far more concern to Nicnack, this was the place where the rainbow was kept. When it had done duty in the sky, and gladdened the eyes of men, it was taken down by the fairies, carefully dusted, and then folded and set aside until wanted.

Nicnack had been full of curiosity as to what the Treasure at the End of the Rainbow could possibly be. He now found that it is a magic crystal prism. When the rainbow is first set up in the sky it is perfectly invisible. The prism being placed at one end of the arch, the colors are flashed along, and all appear in their proper order. The crystals are kept carefully wrapped in thistle-down, and a fresh one is used every time. This gave Nicnack his opportunity.

He first sought out the fairy Iris, to whose charge the rainbow is specially intrusted. She listened attentively to the whole story, and hesitated, as the request was a bold one and most unusual; but the Phenix spoke so warmly in Nicnack's favor that she at length was persuaded to consent.

"Very well," she said; "I will grant your request. The very next time the rainbow is used your friend shall have the magic crystal."

Nicnack was overjoyed, and, you may be sure, kept a sharp lookout. Nor had he long to wait; for, after a heavy downpour of rain, the sun suddenly burst forth. In a twinkling the bow was produced; the busy fairies ran up the golden sunbeams, and deftly hung out the arch until it spanned the sky. At the same instant Iris herself selected the crystal, and carefully placed it at the end of the bow, when the colors shone out in all their splendor.

"There," said the fairy to Nicnack; "now

wait until the colors fade, and I will tell you the exact moment to seize the crystal."

Nicnack eagerly waited, and by and by the hues of the bow began to pale. Then, just as they faded altogether, Iris said: "Now take it up!" Nicnack stooped and took it carefully

you wanted, no doubt you will be glad to place it in the King's hand as soon as possible. Come, then; I am ready to take you back."

So, Nicnack mounted, and the bird, soaring aloft quickly, carried him back to the peak of the Mountains of the Moon.

"See," said the Phenix, "in that little hollow you will find three of my feathers, which I purposely set aside for you as a keepsake. Now, farewell; and in the happy days to come remember me."

"Oh, how can I possibly thank you!" said Nicnack. "As long as I live, you may be sure I shall not forget your kindness."

Then the Phenix flew upward, and as it mounted higher the sun shone out. When the rays of light caught the golden plumage the bird poured forth a song, not sad and plaintive, as that it sang before, but one wild rapture of joy and gladness, that seemed to fill all space and held the listener enchanted. But the notes grew fainter and fainter in the distance, and Nicnack watched until the bird was lost to sight. Then, taking with him the feathers, he rejoined the waiting unicorn. The pair retraced their way across the deserts, and in due time arrived safely at Ta'care. Nicnack returned the unicorn to the Zoölogical Gardens with many thanks, and, mounting his horse, started for the coast. There he was so fortunate as to find a vessel on the point of sailing for Curios; so he embarked forthwith, and

safely reached his port after a quick and prosperous voyage.

Hastening home, Nicnack dressed himself in his very best, and, with the precious treasure carefully concealed under his cloak, hurried off to the palace, and asked an audience of the King on most important business.



"THE PRINCESS WATERED THE FLOWERS IN THE PALACE GARDEN."
(SEE PAGE 726.)

into his hand; and as its marvelous colors flashed in the light he was struck with amazement. Here, indeed, was a gift for a king! Lost in admiration, he stood looking at it, quite forgetful of his surroundings. But the Phenix, in haste to depart, recalled him to himself. "Well," it said, "now that you have got what

"Why, don't you know?" was the answer: "his Majesty is traveling on state affairs."

Here was a blow to Nicnack's hopes. He could scarcely disguise his disappointment.

"When will his Majesty return?" he asked.

"Oh, maybe in a month, or perhaps a year; really, there's no knowing!"

Nicnack turned away. This was terrible. Finding that he could not settle to anything, the next day he set out again for the palace, hoping that he might chance to see the Princess. He lingered for a long time without success, when



"THE FAIRY IRIS HERSELF SELECTED THE CRYSTAL."

as he was about to turn away, he caught the whirr of a spinning-wheel. It came from an open window, and, drawing near, he heard a voice—surely *her* voice—singing softly to the spinning-wheel accompaniment. This is what he heard:

"*Brum, brum, brum, brum!*
Listen to the swift wheel's hum!
Lo! elsewhere the Sisters Three
Weave the thread of destiny.

"*Hum, hum, hum, hum!*
Will the absent lover come?
Can the beauteous rainbow hide
Treasure worthy of a bride?

"If the future I could see,
I could better patient be.
Trum, trum, trum, trum!
Listen to the swift wheel's hum!"

The voice stopped with the sound of the spinning-wheel; yet still Nicnack lingered. The singer came to the window and leaned out, when, seeing that some one was below, she started, and in so doing dropped the spindle she held in her hand. It fell at Nicnack's feet. He picked it up, and, doffing his cap, reached upward and gave it to the Princess. Then, before she had time to recover herself, he was gone. "What a very handsome youth!" she thought, "I wonder who he is?"

Several days passed, and Nicnack had not been able to get even a distant glimpse of the Princess. She had often thought of him, and wondered if she should see him again. One afternoon he was very much in her mind as she watered the flowers in the palace garden. Nicnack was again in luck, for just then he passed by the low wall, and could watch her flitting to and fro. She was to him such "a vision of delight" that he involuntarily sighed.

Perhaps she heard. At any rate, she turned and saw the object of her thoughts. She flushed with pleasure, and in a charming, simple manner greeted him.

"I am glad," she said, "to be able to thank you for restoring my spindle the other day."

"Nay, pardon me, your Royal Highness," replied Nicnack, bowing low, "it is I who have to thank you for the opportunity."

"You are a stranger here?" the Princess asked.

"Somewhat," answered Nicnack; "for I have been away from Curios nearly two years, traveling in foreign lands."

"Indeed?" said the Princess, with interest. "That is an advantage I have never enjoyed."

"Yes; but I went on business, and that is rather different from traveling for pleasure," said Nicnack. "It is so nice to be able to linger on the way, and turn aside on every tempting occasion; but a business man has a special object before him which forbids him to tarry."

"I feel sure," the Princess said graciously, "that your business was successful."

"I am happy to say that it was, your Royal Highness—thanks mainly to a bottle of ink."

The curiosity of the Princess was roused; but as she was too well-bred to ask how or why, seeing that Nicnack did not volunteer

further information, the conversation passed to other topics; and then the Princess returned to her flowers, her thoughts more than ever occupied with Nicnack.

For some days after, though he hovered about the palace and palace grounds, he failed to see her again. But one morning the city was all astir. The streets were decorated; the royal bodyguard had turned out; for the King was expected! And by and by the troops escorted him through the town, the royal standard floated over the palace, and everybody was very glad—but Nicnack most of all. "Tomorrow," he thought, "I shall see his Majesty."

To while away the long hours, he got out his treasure, and fell to work cleaning and polishing it until it shone again. In the morning he was off to the palace at the earliest hour that etiquette permitted, and asked, as before, to see the King. He was handed over to the gentleman in waiting, who asked his business.

"Tell his Majesty that I bring him the Treasure from the End of the Rainbow."

Nicnack was ushered into the anteroom to await his Majesty's pleasure. He had scarcely taken a seat when the door opened, and the King himself bade him enter.

"Well, well!" he exclaimed, disregarding a ceremony, "have you really got the treasure?"

"Yes; here it is, your Majesty," replied Nicnack; "and if you will deign to hold it up to the light, your Majesty will be better able to catch the reflected colors."

The King's hand quite shook with excitement as he held the wonderful prism in front of the window; and when he saw its marvelous beauty he was silent with amazement. As soon as he had recovered himself somewhat, he sent for the Princess to come to him immediately. She was feeling very low-spirited; for the news had reached her that a stranger had arrived with the long-hoped-for treasure, and him she must wed, willing or not!

Was he a thistle-sifter, a lion-tamer, or the owner of a Jerusalem pony? Some horrid adventurer, perhaps—ugly, sordid, and mean; or some old rogue who more by luck than by wit, had obtained the right to call her his own! Until now she had not fully realized her

desperate position. And then she thought of Nicnack. Ah, if only it had been he!

On entering the room she did not at first see him, but she was attracted at once by the beautiful object in the King's hand.

"Do but look at it!" said his Majesty, holding it in different positions. She did so, and as the brilliant colors stole forth, one melting into another, she was transported with its beauty.

"Without a doubt," the King continued, "it is the greatest treasure I possess. And for this, my dear, I have to thank your future husband over yonder!"

All her forebodings came back with a rush. With a sharp pain at her heart, she turned, and lo! there stood he whom she loved—the handsome stranger! Her confusion added to her beauty, and Nicnack felt himself more than ever fortunate in winning such a prize. He stepped forward and, bending on one knee, kissed her hand.

"Your Royal Highness has now proof of the complete success of the business upon which I journeyed into foreign parts."

"Thanks to a bottle of ink," you said; I think," replied the Princess. "I am really quite curious to know how that could be."

"A bottle of ink?" said the king. "I should like to hear the whole story."

So Nicnack told them their from the very beginning, and showed them the feathers of the Phenix.

Well, that was a red-letter day, you may be sure. The delighted King forthwith created Nicnack Prince of Curios, giving him for a coat of arms three phenix feathers, with the motto, *Dum spiro spero*. Preparations on the most extensive scale were made for the wedding, which took place shortly after. Then the bride appeared lovelier than ever; nor did the newly created Prince look unworthy of her.

Since that day prisms have become pretty plentiful; but if you want to see the magic one, the very largest and the most magnificent, you must go to the royal museum at Curios, after first obtaining permission of Nicnack, the now reigning King. You will find it just between one of the tarts made by the Queen of Hearts and Cinderella's glass slipper.



•TIM•

A Parrot Story.

By
Charlotte Boner.

(A true story.)

I HAVE read of a father who would not let his children tell their dreams, because there is in such narrative too great temptation to wander from the truth. Parrot stories are too often like dream-stories — only half true; and they are sometimes — plainly, to any who know the true talking-power of these birds — made up entirely or greatly exaggerated. While the parrot has a certain unmistakable sense of humor, and is correspondingly wise, none of the various species is, or ever was, capable of the original wise and witty talk familiar to us in newspaper anecdotes.

In fact, the parrot is never *original* in speech; it is altogether imitative; and a bird that has never heard spoken words has surely never uttered a syllable.

But judging from parrots' clever use of what they learn to say, it is almost certain that they come to know, in a measure, the meaning of the phrases they learn.

For example, my Cuban bird, "Tim" — named after Colonel Timothy Lee, a New York quarantine officer, who presented him to me — never confuses morning and evening. He is prompt with his salutation of "Good morning" to the one that uncovers his cage in the morning — for tame parrots are fussy about having their cages covered at night with some kind of

cloth, to shield them from the light and give them a quiet place for sleeping. When he is fixed snugly away for the night he invariably says, "Good night," often repeating it many times. These courtesies he has been taught; but without a bright spark of intelligence behind his mimicry he would confuse the morning and the evening addresses.

Soon after Tim came into my possession, I noticed that at nightfall he became restive; and often while making ready his cage for the night I said: "Tim wants to go to bed," or, "He wants to go to bed," frequently adding "so bad." It was not long before, at the first shade of twilight, he would let me know he was sleepy by saying: "Tim wants to go to bed. He wants to go to bed so bad," — always speaking of himself in the third person. Afterward, by teaching, he acquired the use of the word "I." Now, on hearing sunflower or other seed poured into his cup for feeding, he will exclaim: "Oh, I'm going to get such a nice dinner!" For it happened that I spoke of his food as "dinner" whenever I gave it to him, and having heard it so called, he cannot be induced to change the phrase to "breakfast" or "supper."

Sometimes before covering him at night I say: "Kiss your mother good night — here," presenting my lips and smacking them; at which he will sidle to the bars of his cage and very gently touch my lips with his open bill.

Only once he, like the monkey that married the baboon's sister, "kissed so hard he raised a blister." I scolded him severely for the rudeness, and he seemed to understand. If I do not kiss him good night he is sure to say: "Kiss your mother good night—here," smacking his bill. He never says, "Kiss *me* good night."

Tim has never known the commonplace name of "Polly," and he has never been asked by me if he wanted a cracker. I have always been alert to check any visitor who was about to ask the old question, "Does Polly want a

exclaimed: "Why, howdy do, Polly?" He immediately corrected her by replying, "Say, howdy do, *Tim*!"

So much by way of illustrating the fact that a parrot knows how to apply intelligently the phrases that he acquires in mimicry. In the few further examples that I shall give of Tim's talking, let it be understood that he repeats only what he has heard, but the reader will notice his tact in applying his remarks, as if he knew their meaning.

Frequently, when my husband is leaving for the city, Tim calls after him, "Good-by, John."



"IT IS A COMMON THING TO HEAR THE PARROT SHOUTING, 'WHIP HIM, TONY! WHIP HIM! WHIP HIM!'"

cracker?" With the same caution I have checked the "Howdy do, Polly?" by requesting the visitor to say, "Howdy do, *Tim*?"

Tim seemed to have noted my wish to exclude "Polly" from his list of words. One day a lady called, and, on discovering the bird,

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It need hardly be explained how the bird learned that phrase.

In some way he knows when we are eating at table, perhaps from having occasionally been in the dining-room at meal-time, and from noting the table-noises made by knife and fork,

cup and saucer, etc. He often calls out at such time, wherever he may be, "What are you eating? Is it good?"

We have a Scotch-Irish terrier named "Jack," and a huge jet-black cat named "Tony," who often engage in a friendly tussle. Sometimes, when Jack has been too rough for Tony, I have encouraged the cat by saying, "Whip him, Tony! whip him!" As the cat and dog are almost hourly at their play of racing and wrestling, it is a common thing to hear Tim, who may either see or only hear them, shouting, "Whip him, Tony! whip him! whip him!"

Jack sometimes expresses his affection for me by tousling my skirt, and I feign to be alarmed at him, and cry: "Oh, p'ease don't, Jack! — p'ease don't!" in baby talk. One day, when Tim was sitting on a lady visitor's lap, Jack playfully began to nip and bark at him. With outstretched wings and feathers all a-ruffle with real or affected fear, the bird cried: "Oh, p'ease don't, Jack! — p'ease don't!"

This dog we were compelled to name Jack because of Tim. We had owned a dog of the same breed and name, that was slain by our country-road trolley, and Tim was continually saddening us by calling him. It was my custom, when the dog was out in the park somewhere, to go to the door and call: "Here, Jack!" — whistling — "here, Jack!" occasionally saying to myself, "Where *is* Jack?" This the parrot repeated over and over, time and again, after the death of the dog: "Here, Jack!" — whistling — "here, Jack! Where *is* Jack? — where *is* Jack?" And that dog used to run to meet the postman and bring our mail to the house in his mouth. Whenever I heard the whistle of the postman, I would call the dog and tell him to go get the letter. Tim soon had the command pat — "Come, Jack! go get the letter." So when, after the death of our dog, we were fortunate enough to get another of the same family, the new one also was called "Jack."

Tim has learned to imitate the postman's whirring whistle so perfectly that in summertime, when he hangs in the front or the back porch, he often causes neighbors to run to their doors expecting the letter-carrier. Last summer, to the great worry of conductors, he

learned how to stop the trolley-car that runs near our house. Mimicking the call of a certain gentleman whom he had heard hail the car, he would cry, "Hey, there! — hey!" and whistle shrilly. Several times the conductor hurriedly signaled the motorman, who frantically shut off the current and put on the brakes. At first they were quite nonplussed at seeing nobody; for they could not see Tim because of the vines on the porch, and probably would not have suspected him if they had seen him, so human was the call. In some way they learned of this trick, and thereafter the conductor looked about sharply before stopping at that spot.

Tim does not laugh much. He has a sort of jocular chuckle with which he accompanies some of his remarks, as "What you say?" I have a habit of sometimes "talking to myself" a little while attending to household duties. Now and then Tim will interpose with "What you say?" and then chuckle as if greatly amused. This question I often ask him, when I cannot understand some little piece of jargon, and am laughing at him.

He has now altogether ceased speaking Spanish, but when we first got him he knew nothing else. He seems to be a good bird morally, for he has never, to my knowledge, uttered an oath, fond as many parrots are of swearing. Like the Dutchman's boy, he may sometimes *think* bad words, but he does not say them; or, if he does, he cunningly smothers them in that jargon of his, at which he now and then chuckles rather suspiciously, eying me sidewise. He must be a firm royalist, for we have in vain tried to make him declare himself a Cuban insurgent.

Often in the lonesome winter days Tim is good company for me; and he is very fond of assuring me that he loves me, employing phrases I have taught him. He will unexpectedly say: "I love my mother — she's so sweet!" and then, whether the dog or the cat is in sight or not, "Jack, do you love your mother? Tony, do you love your mother?" I am sometimes afraid there is a little slyness about Tim, for not infrequently, after thus directing my attention to his undying affection for me, he will add: "Going to get such a nice dinner! — oh, *such* a nice dinner!" Or he

may want to be moved up or down stairs,—for he has his whims,—and then it will be: "Want to go up stairs—want to go up stairs!" or "Want to go down stairs—want to go down stairs!"

One midsummer day, when the thermometer stood at over 100°, Tim astonished a

I spray him with a mixture of glycerin and water to keep him from plucking his plumage. Once, when I was spraying him, my colored servant-girl, with a shudder, exclaimed, "Oh, lawdy!" making fun of the parrot's frantic manner. Afterward he sat on his perch shivering and saying: "Oh, lawdy!—oh, lawdy!"



visitor by exclaiming, "Oh, it's so hot!" flapping his wings. In winter, when the house is being aired, or if a draft strikes him, he will say: "Are you cold, Tim?—are you cold?"

He is fond of bathing himself, but dislikes being sprayed, which is sometimes necessary.

Following the advice of a writer on bird-keeping, I tied a little china doll in Tim's cage. He examined it from time to time very curiously, and soon learned to play with it. One day he seemed to be playing a little roughly with the doll, and I said: "Whip the baby if

it does n't behave." The first part of that phrase he still retains, and often amuses himself by furiously pecking and clawing the doll, and saying, "Whip the baby!—whip the baby!"

Last winter one of our window-shutters creaked when being closed, making a half-musical sound. As we closed the shutters at nightfall, Tim came to associate this sound with bedtime, and often when he wants to be covered up for the night he mimics that noise.

Sometimes, when he has wished to go to sleep before the proper time, I have asked him if it was night; and now, whenever I cover him, he is sure to ask: "Is it night?—is it night?"

He is not much of a whistler, and does not sing at all, but, for a Cuban parrot, he is quite a good talker. He has a green body, white forehead, scarlet throat, scarlet and blue underfeathers in his wings, and scarlet, orange, and blue in his tail.



AT SCHOOL AND AT HOME.

BY ELIZABETH L. GOULD.

My teacher does n't think I read
So very special well.
She 's always saying, "What was that
Last word?" and makes me spell
And then pronounce it after her,
As slow as slow can be.
"You 'd better take a little care,"—
That 's what she says to me,—
"Or else I 'm really 'fraid you 'll find,
Some one of these bright days,
You 're 'way behind the Primer Class."
That 's what my teacher says.

But when I 'm at my grandpa's house,
He hands me out a book,
And lets me choose a place to read;
And then he 'll sit and look
At me, and listen, *just* as pleased!
I know it from his face.
And when I read a great, long word,
He 'll say, "Why, little Grace,
You 'll have to teach our deestrick school,
Some one o' these bright days!
Mother, you come and hear this child."
That 's what my grandpa says.

DENISE AND NED TOODLES.

BY GABRIELLE E. JACKSON.

[This story was begun in the March number.]

CHAPTER XIII.

PATSY MURPHY.

WHY is it that the good times slip by so quickly and the tiresome ones drag? Can someone answer that question?

Hardly had the joy of Mama's return and Grandma's arrival subsided, than it was time for Pokey to return to her home and begin her lessons; for she went to a school which opened its doors the first Monday in September, even if the days were hotter than when it had closed them in June.

So poor Pokey had to tear herself away from her delightful frolics with Denise and "the children" and to prepare to stew her poor brains till little hint of the roses she had found in the country remained to tell the story of fresh breezes and sunshine.

For a time Denise was utterly forlorn, and even the pets failed to console her. The weather was still very warm and her studies would not begin till the first of October, when Miss Meredith would return.

And in the interval she hardly knew how to occupy herself, for the Bird's Nest seemed lonely and dull without its second chirper, and Denise dreaded to go into it and find there no happy-go-lucky little body who was always amiability personified and ready with some splendid plan for a new play. For Pokey read to some purpose, and had no end of pleasant ideas stored away in her wise little noddle.

So Denise tried to console herself with long rides on Ned. John had taught her to ride and Ned was perfectly trained for the saddle. Such delightful rambles and races; for Ned could pace, canter, or run as the turn of the bridle or position of the whip indicated to him, and was equally delightful in any gait.

And so they would swing along in the sun-

shine, or under the big trees; Denise singing or talking to him, and he tossing his head as though he understood perfectly.

Often she would lean forward and clasp both arms around his warm, soft neck, lay her face in his shaggy mane, and let him walk whither he would. And how the dear little fellow enjoyed his petting! Never did a little animal display greater reciprocity of affection, or prove more plainly that to him his little mistress was the dearest being in the world.

One warm, dusty morning, Denise and Ned were going along a path which ran close by the river, when they suddenly came upon a little urchin known to the town as Patsy Murphy, the dirtiest, most harum-scarum little ragamuffin the place produced.

Perched upon a rock close to the water's edge, he sat "skipping" stones into the river as if life held no greater pleasure.

Bare-footed, his trousers in rags and tatters and held up by one suspender, which had doubtless originally belonged to his father; a gingham shirt guiltless of a button and held together by an old brass safety-pin; his red hair cropped short to avoid the trouble of combing, and his elfish little freckled face artistically streaked with dirt and perspiration, he was a fair specimen of the spirit of mischief.

Ned stopped and regarded him as a curiosity, while Denise gazed upon him with mingled disgust and amusement.

"Tip o' the day to ye, Miss Denise," said Patsy, unabashed.

"How do you do?" was the reply.

"Is it how I do, ye 'r axin'?" Well, I 'm jist afther scuttlin' out av the school, and nary a bit will I set me fut insoid it this day."

"I should think you would be ashamed to say so, when you know your mother wants you to learn something. *She* works hard enough, I 'm sure!" reprovingly.

"L'arn su'thin', is it? Don't I *know* su'thin'?"

alridgy? Whisht now, whilst I tell ye what I larnt the day. T'acher she axed me had I tin apples an' Johnny Doyle five, how many more would I have thin Johnny? And I told her *fifteen*, bekase I 'd mighty soon swipe Johnny's an' roon wid 'em."

Denise felt that Patsy's arithmetic was a little beyond her, so she ignored the last remark, and said severely: "I don't see how you *can* get so dirty. You are just not fit to be seen. A great boy nine years old, with *such* a dirty face."

"Is me face dirty?" innocently. "Now how iver c'u'd I know that when the lookin'-glass is broke? An' listen whilst I tell ye a sacret." And hopping off his rock, he came close to Denise and said in a confidential tone:

"D' ye know when I got out av me bed this marnin', I said I 'd *wash me face*, an' I want to git the bowl. But what do ye think me mither says? Says she, 'Patsy, don't ye be takin' that bowl. I 'm jist afther cl'anin' it ter make *bread* in.' Now, do ye mind, I could n't be clane fur thot r'ason?" said the incorrigible.

"I never saw such a boy in my life!" exclaimed Denise, gathering up her reins, and she went on, leaving Patsy glorying over his victory.

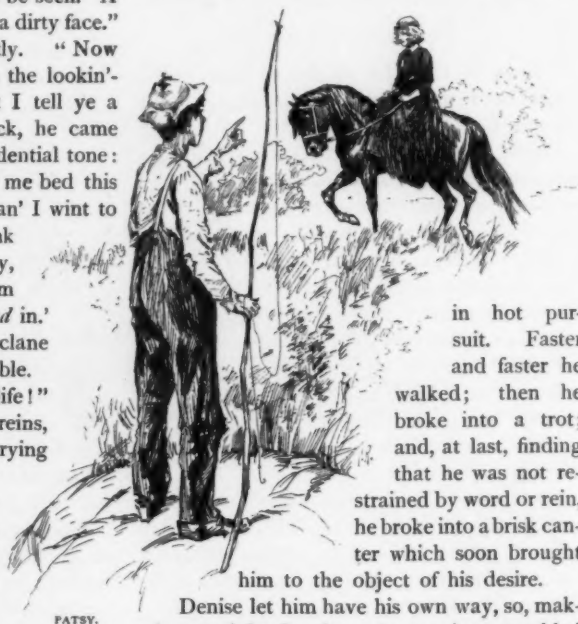
Could she have seen him after the turn in the road hid him from her sight, her peace of mind would doubtless have been even more exercised, for, giving his ragged scrap of a hat a toss, he proceeded to execute a dance of triumph by turning handspings over the sand.

Following the pretty path along the shore, Denise soon reached a road which led abruptly up the bank and brought one to a little country store—one of those stores in which a miscellaneous collection of articles is sold, a place patronized by people who did not care to walk to the village, when a spool of thread, pound of sugar, or a fish-line was needed.

For several very good reasons, Ned had a strong fancy for this particular store. First, only three steps needed to be climbed to enter it, and those gave him no trouble whatever. Next, chocolate creams were sold there, and he was very fond of them.

And last, but by no means least, Mr. Jones the storekeeper thought it a great joke to have him come pattering in with Denise on his back, walk up to the counter and whinny for cream drops.

So you may be sure that he needed no urging when once he found himself headed in the direction of the store, and he scrambled up the steep hill as though the impish Patsy were



PATSY.

in hot pursuit. Faster and faster he walked; then he broke into a trot; and, at last, finding that he was not restrained by word or rein, he broke into a brisk canter which soon brought him to the object of his desire.

Denise let him have his own way, so, making straight for the entrance, he scrambled up the steps, clattered across the little stoop, and bounced into the store.

Two or three steps brought him to the counter where the cream-drops were kept and a loud neigh made known his wants to Mr. Jones, who had just laid a stick of peppermint candy upon the counter for a little girl, who, doing her best to produce a penny from an atom of a pocket, was so absorbed by the struggle that she paid no attention to the queer customer who had just entered.

But to Ned the temptation was too great, and in just about half a second he had reached out and grabbed the candy.

The sudden move caused the child to look up, just in time to catch sight of the end of a

pink and white stick vanishing in a black mouth.

It had all happened so quickly that Denise was helpless, and it was so funny that she could not help laughing when she discovered it.

But the defrauded child did not see it in a funny light at all, and lifting up her voice, she howled dismally.

"Oh, don't cry!" said Denise. "I'll buy some more candy. And you must n't blame Ned, for he thought Mr. Jones had put the stick there for him. Did n't you, you little scamp?" she asked, pulling his mane.

Soon more candy was produced, and Little Forlornity was sent on her way rejoicing over ten cents' worth of chocolate creams, while Ned was made happy with his allowance of five, and was quite ready to turn his inquisitive nose toward home when the word was given.

"You *are* a bad little scrap," said Denise, as he clattered out of the store, "and if you don't behave better, I'm afraid you won't get any birthday present, and in a few weeks you will have a birthday, you know. At least I shall, and it's all the same. So you'd better behave!"

CHAPTER XIV.

BIRTHDAY PLANS.

"ONLY think, Mama; in three weeks I shall have had Ned one whole year. It seems to me as though I'd always had him," said Denise, one morning, as she sat in her mother's pleasant room.

"Do you think, darling, that you ever enjoyed a year as well?" asked her mother.

"No; I'm sure I never did. Of course I loved Sailor and Beauty and Tan, but I don't think any one could love a goat or a dog as well as they could love such a dear little wise pony as Ned is. Do you?"

"Hardly. But don't you think we ought to have a frolic to celebrate Ned's anniversary, and let him share in it?"

"Oh, Mama, *can* we? Would n't it be fun? What could we do?"

"I think we can have the frolic, dear, for there is just the hint of a shade of an idea in my head this very minute."

Denise, snuggling close to her mother, said: "Now I'm all ready to hear the 'hint of the shade.'"

So, cheek to cheek, they talked it over, and three weeks later it carried happiness to five other children, lads and lasses.

"Let me see," said Mama. "The 10th falls on Saturday. How would it be to have Pokey come out on Friday afternoon and stay with us till Monday morning? On your birthday we could invite May, Murray, Harry, and Tom, and all go off on a grand nutting-party. We can go to Sheppard's Brook; and Papa, Miss Meredith, John, and I could go in the surrey and make ourselves generally useful.

"You could take the depot wagon, and divide up the rides as the fancy took you. The boys won't mind the walk in the least; but if they should suddenly grow weary,"—and Mama smiled suggestively,—"*you* girls could do a little walking without taking any harm."

"Of course we could; and won't it be perfectly splendid!"

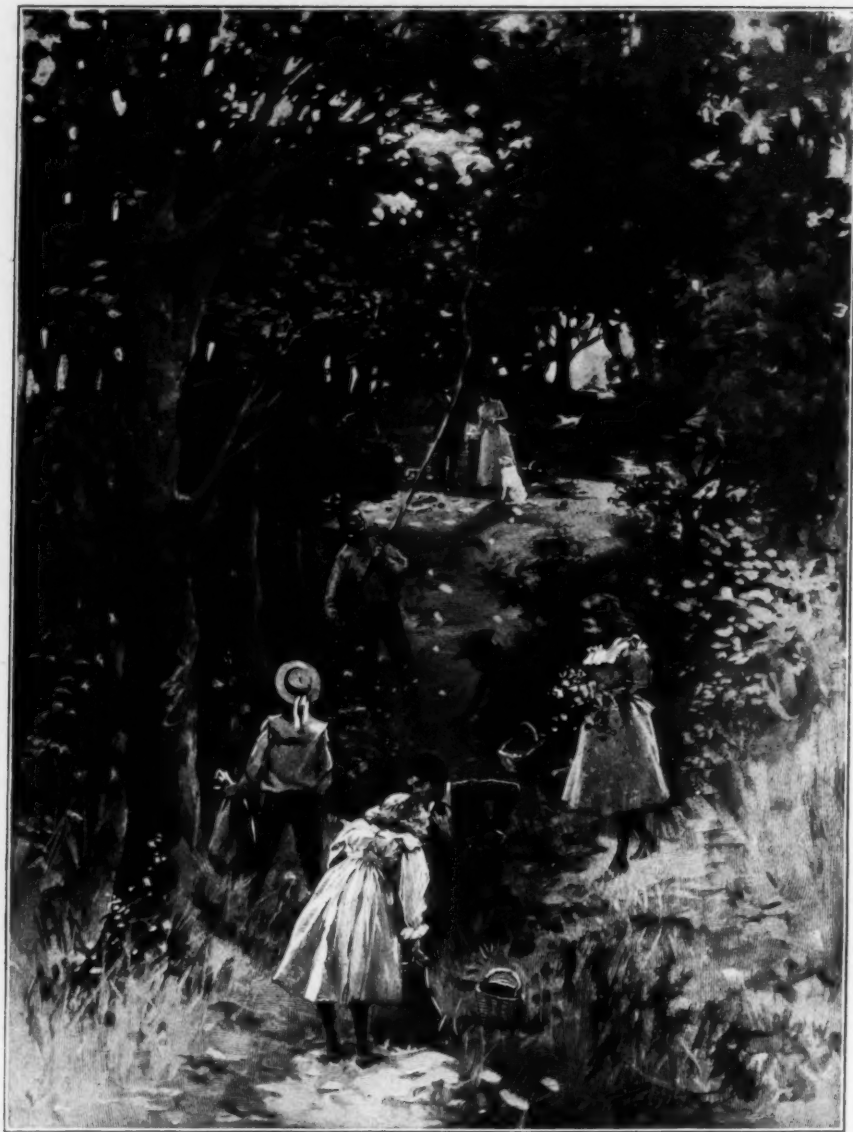
"John can drive us," continued Mama, "and when we reach there he can be general utility man, looking after Ned and Sunshine, getting out the lunch-baskets, and climbing the trees if they prove too much for the boys. What do you think of my plan, dear?"

Denise was delighted, and consequently the letter was written to Pokey that very day, and as quickly as the mail could bring it the reply came to state that Pokey would accept with pleasure.

Between that and the time set for Pokey's arrival, Denise spent most of her time in hunting up all the baskets and bags to be had, and in telling Ned over and over again that he was to go on a nutting frolic on his birthday.

On the 29th Miss Meredith returned, and on the 1st of October the studies began again, and helped the time pass more quickly till Pokey should come.

Denise had an active little brain, which made it a pleasure to teach her, so she and Miss Meredith got on capitally. Moreover, Miss Meredith was a born teacher, and helped the bright little mind she had in her care to unfold as naturally as a flower. No matter how prosy the subject might be, she possessed the rare faculty of turning it into a fairy tale, and she



THE BIRTHDAY PARTY IN THE WOODS. (SEE PAGE 740.)

had oftener to say, "We will keep the rest for another day" than "Let us finish this to-day."

Lessons were always ended at one o'clock, and all the beautiful autumn afternoons Denise was free to follow the bent of her fancies, while

Miss Meredith enjoyed her rest and the society of Grandma and Mama.

And Denise had plenty to occupy the afternoons, for she had undertaken to teach Ned the tricks she had seen a circus pony perform, and the *modus operandi* was funny enough.

John, naturally, was general factotum, and entered into the spirit of the thing with a zest; for he firmly believed that Ned was the "intelligentest baste" that ever lived, and it was simply a question of telling him what to do, and he would do it at once.

The first move was to make a ring about sixty feet in circumference out in the dismantled vegetable garden; and the next to take a big box, five feet long, three wide, and one foot high, and fasten a large block of wood at the left-hand corner—a block about fifteen inches high. Beside this was a post about ten inches higher.

Then the whole thing must be covered with one of Flash's old blankets, carefully cut and tacked on, so that Ned need not slip, and his pedestal was complete.

An old carriage-rug laid in the center of the ring served as kneeling-mat, and then they were ready to begin.

And I can assure you that it took many days and much patience before Ned was pronounced perfect and fit for a public performance. First he had to be taught to go around the ring by himself, and one after the other the various tricks were learned; but we will tell of these at another time.

The 9th came very quickly, and Denise was in a perfect fever of excitement. Long before the train was due she was at the depot, driving up and down to keep little Ned from taking cold in his head, for the days were growing frosty, and by four o'clock one felt grateful for a snug jacket.

But at last the whistle sounded, and in a moment more the train had deposited Miss Pokey and Papa upon the platform.

Presently the little depot wagon had all it could hold, for Papa and the big satchel filled the back seat, and the two chatterboxes occupied the front, as Ned whisked them away.

"Did you bring an old dress and jacket?" was the first question.

"Yes; and old shoes too, for Mama said I'd be sure to need them."

"I feel sure you *will*, and I'll let you have my boating-cap, and then you will be all fixed out."

"Oh, won't it be fun!" cried Pokey, with a

bounce, as if already jumping up after the falling nuts. "Is n't it splendid to be out here again and sniff the fresh air?"

"Are n't you afraid of Ned's bouncing now?" asked Papa.

"No, indeed, I'm not. He can bounce all he wants to, for if he spills us we shall tumble on the soft grass beside the road, and not on the old city stones," replied Pokey, rather recklessly.

"Papa, *do* you think the day will be fine?"

"Made to order," was the reassuring reply.

"Just look at old Sol taking himself off to bed behind the mountain. Tell me, did you ever see the old fellow looking jollier?"

CHAPTER XV.

POKEY HAS A DREAM.

"I KNOW I sha'n't sleep one wink to-night," said Pokey, as the children settled themselves in bed at an early hour, in order to be up betimes in the morning.

"Yes, you will, too. You'll just go right off to the Land o' Nod, as you always do, and leave me talking to the darkness."

"I sha'n't, either. Don't you suppose I want to talk just as much as you do? Only you know Mrs. Mama said we were not to talk *too* long, or we should n't be able to wake up early enough in the morning."

"Well, we won't talk too long; but how many bags do you guess we shall gather to-morrow?"

"Twenty, at least," was the wise reply; for Pokey's nutting expeditions had been few and far between, and her ideas on the subject were decidedly vague.

"Well, I know that we sha'n't,"—positively. "Why, if we get *six* it will be a lot."

"Six! I believe I could gather six all by myself. Are the bags as big as my satchel?"

"As big as your satchel! Why, Pokey Delano, they are empty flour-sacks, and hold just heaps and heaps!"

"Oh, I thought they were little bags!" And Pokey subsided to think over the prospect of filling six flour-sacks.

Ten minutes passed without a word from either, and then Denise asked suddenly:

"Pokey, are you going to sleep?"

"No!"—promptly. "I am just as wide awake as you are, and am lying still to think about the fun we will have to-morrow. I never went on a real nutting-party before, and I know this one will be just splendid!"

"Of course it will. Everything Mama thinks out is splendid. There never was a better mother than mine, I believe."

"No; I don't believe there ever was," agreed Pokey. "How do you suppose she ever thinks of so many lovely things?"

In what, to Denise, seemed about ten minutes, she started up, realizing that she must have dozed off. Her first thought was:

"I wonder if Pokey caught me going to sleep? How she will laugh at me, if she did!"

"Pokey,"—softly.

No answer.

"Pokey!"—a little louder.

Still silence, broken only by Beauty Buttons, who slept on a rug at the foot of the bed, and roused up enough to wag his tail.

By this time Denise was wide awake, and, reaching over to shake the sleeping Pokey, was scared nearly out of her wits to find the bed empty.

"Mercy me! where *is* she?" cried the startled child, and bouncing out of bed, she rushed to turn up the gas. There were Pokey's clothes upon the chair where she had placed them upon retiring, but no sign of their owner could be seen.

Meanwhile Beauty, who seemed to think it a good joke, had jumped up from his rug and ran about the room, wagging his tail and acting altogether like a crazy dog.

"Catch them! Catch them! Don't you see that they are all running away?" was shouted in muffled tones from beneath the bed. And then came a bang and a scream, as Pokey awakened from her dream of hunting in the leaves for nuts, to find herself under an iron bedstead, against which she was bumping her head in her sleepy endeavors to get out.

As soon as the true state of affairs had dawned upon Denise her scare vanished, and seating herself in the middle of the floor, she laughed until she could n't laugh any more.

In came Mama to learn what upon earth

had happened, and to find Pokey seated upon the edge of the bed trying to rub the sleep out of her eyes, and Denise rolled up in a little heap in the middle of the rug.

"You crazy children! What *are* you doing at *this* hour of the night?"

"Oh, Mama, is n't it just too funny?" And Denise went off into another fit of laughing.

"Why, you see," explained Pokey, "I dreamed that we were 'way off in a field, picking up nuts, and at the edge of the field was a steep bank, and all the nuts were rolling away down it. So I went down to catch them, and I guess I must have crawled out of the bed instead, for I don't see anything like a nut—unless it is this lump on the top of my head," she added ruefully, as she rubbed a big bump.

Mama could not help joining in the laughter; and after fetching a healing lotion and binding up Pokey's bruises, she tucked the children safely in bed, and with a good-night kiss for each, said:

"Now go straight to sleep, and don't think of another nut till daylight, for it is nearly two o'clock."

"Two o'clock!" echoed Denise, "and I thought I 'd been asleep only five minutes!"

According to Denise's method of reckoning time, another five minutes had scarcely passed when she was awakened by a bright ray of sunshine falling across her face.

"Wake up, Pokey; wake up this minute!" she shouted to the sleepy little mortal beside her, who gradually uncurled herself and opened her eyes.

"Oh, dear! I don't believe it 's morning yet, and you are waking me up to laugh at me," was the sleepy reply.

"No, I 'm not, either. Just look at the sunshine, when you 've got the sand-man out of your eyes, and you 'll see that it *is* morning. So hurry up, or we sha'n't finish breakfast before the others get here."

Such a glorious October morning! It was just crisp and frosty enough to make one feel frisky, and you may be sure that no time was lost in getting ready for breakfast.

Soon the children ran out of their room, one to receive a cheery good-morning greeting from the family, and the other tender birthday wishes

and many pretty gifts; for even John remembered the little girl who occasionally made life a burden to him, and brought as his offering a beautiful pot of white chrysanthemums which he had watched and tended for months.

CHAPTER XVI.

A NUTTING-PARTY.

"ELEVEN years old to-day," said Denise in a sober voice as she sat at the breakfast-table.

"Well, yes; I guess that I *am*, rather," said Denise, boldly, and her mother's expression proved that Denise was not wrong.

"Papa," cried Denise, a moment later,—for her busy tongue must keep going when the brain had so many thoughts pressing forward,—"I wonder how old Ned is; do you know?"

"Yes; I think I can tell you that pampered young creature's age; for when I bought him, one year ago, he was seven years old."



"NED REACHED OUT AND GRABBED THE CANDY." (SEE PAGE 734.)

"Just think; I've been in this world eleven whole years! Mama, how did you ever get on before I came? You must have been very lonely; were n't you?"

"Do you think you are so essential to my happiness, little Miss Conceit?" asked her mother jokingly.

"Why, he is only *eight* now! I thought he must surely be as old as I."

"No, indeed. He would be getting pretty well on, even for a Welsh pony, if he were eleven."

Before breakfast was finished, shouts and voices outside announced the arrival of the

lads and lasses who were to complete the party, and Denise and Pokey rushed out to welcome them.

Presently all were gathered out on the lawn to watch the bestowal in the surrey of some very comfortable-looking baskets and packages, as well as ropes, bags, and little baskets for the pickers.

Ned, harnessed to the depot wagon, was quite as important as any member of the party, and did his share by carrying his own and Sunshine's dinner, halters, and blankets. In less time than one would have thought it possible to get such a lively party in order, the whole van was on the way, the girls singing, and the boys romping and tearing about as only boys can. Although it was three miles to Sheppard's Brook Farm, the distance was traveled in no time.

Ned seemed to consider it a party made up especially for him, and acted altogether like a little scalawag—tearing along on a dead run as the boys ran beside him, scrambling up the hills with the boys helping by pushing, and then rushing down the other side as though determined to break his neck. But the little Welshman was too sure-footed to be easily upset, and bounced along like a goat.

Sailor and Beauty were permitted to join the party; but poor Tan had been compelled to remain behind, although he bleated most piteously when he saw them start off without him.

As soon as the big fields in which the

great shellbarks grew were reached, John unharnessed Ned and turned him loose, and, blanketing Sunshine, fastened him to a neighboring tree. For Sunshine, although three times as big, was not nearly so wise as little Ned, and would soon have gone prancing off if left to himself. But Ned was very sociable, and still more curious, and never got out of sight of anything unusual, and Denise's whistle could summon him in an instant. So



"IT TOOK MANY DAYS AND MUCH PATIENCE BEFORE NED WAS PRONOUNCED PERFECT."

while he amused himself by poking his inquisitive little nose into every corner of the field, the two-legged picnickers fell to work with a will, and soon had the nuts flying in all directions.

Never was day so lovely. Never were nuts so big and plentiful. In no time the baskets were filled and emptied into the big sacks and ready to be filled again.

All joined in, and while John and the boys

thrashed the trees with long, limber poles, raining nuts on anybody who happened to be beneath, the others gathered till their bended backs ached.

By one o'clock all were ready for a good, substantial lunch, and Mama and Miss Meredith proceeded to set it forth.

I should n't dare tell of the quantity of food consumed that day. But who would not be hungry after three hours' lively exercise in the delightful October sunshine and air? All sat or sprawled about on the warm, dry grass, and ate or drank at their own sweet wills. Nobody minded an interruption in the shape of Ned marching into the middle of the table-cloth to search for sugar, or Sailor and Beauty making a foraging expedition for sandwiches.

After luncheon came a grand rest for an hour, during which all talked or told stories.

"Papa," said Denise, "I am just as old to-day as you were when you had your first coat-tails. Do tell us the story again. It was so funny."

"Oh, yes; do, do!" cried all the others.

Papa laughed, and began:

"When I was a lad I lived in a little town on Cape Cod, called Tenro. We were a long way from Boston, and there were no railroads in those days to carry us back and forth. But we did not miss them, because we had never known what it was to have such things, and were well satisfied to have everything brought down from Boston by packets, as the boats sailing between Tenro and Boston were called.

"My mother, brother, and myself lived in a big house which stood high on a hill, and from it we could watch for the coming of the packet, and also for my father's ship; for he was a sea-captain, and used to sail on long voyages which often kept him from home a year or more at a time.

"Father had sailed from home in March, and when he left us he said to me: 'Now, my boy, when I get back in September you will be eleven years old; and if I get good reports of you in Mother's letters I shall bring with me your first coat-tails, at the end of a jacket with brass buttons.'

"'And long trousers, too?' I asked, for it was the fashion in those days for boys to wear short

jackets and breeches until they were about ten or eleven, and then they could dress like their fathers; and you may be sure the first coat-tails were longed for with as much eagerness as the first long trousers are to-day," said Papa, with a nod at the lads before him.

"'Yes; the trousers too, all complete, on one condition,' said he.

"'And what is that?' I asked eagerly.

"'That you keep Mother's wood-box well filled,' was the answer.

"That seemed an easy thing to do, and so I promised very readily.

"So Father sailed, and I counted the days which must pass before August, when I should be eleven years old.

"Meanwhile the wood-box was kept filled, and Mother's reports were good.

"At last, August 7, my birthday, came, and Mother wrote a letter to Father which would reach him in Boston, where he was expected to arrive the 1st of September. She gave him my measure, and nothing remained but to keep my impatience bottled up till the 1st of October, when he should be at home.

"He came four days sooner than we expected him, and the new suit with him. I tell you it was superb! It was dark-green cloth, and had satin facings and gilt buttons. Then there was a stock and frilled shirt, just like Father's, and the hat and shoes to complete it all.

"You may be sure I lost no time in getting into it, and it was pronounced simply stunning.

"Father's arrival was a great event in the family, and that evening all the aunts, uncles, and cousins came to tea to welcome him, and the best parlor was made ready and a rousing fire built in the big open Franklin stove.

"My logs of wood snapped and sparkled, and we youngsters had great fun roasting apples and chestnuts in front of it.

"I, in my swell suit, was the 'biggest toad in the puddle,' and paraded up and down before the admiring eyes of the other boys and girls. At last, growing conscious of the tight new shoes, I chose a novel place in which to rest myself and relieve my feet of the burden of my body. I sat down on the fender of the

Franklin, and was so absorbed in caring for my weary feet that I utterly forgot that I was the owner of *coat tails*, and left them to take care of themselves.

"Pretty soon Mother turned round and said excitedly :

"I smell wool burning. What on earth is it?" and then she caught sight of me.

"Lewis Lombard! Are you stark mad? Your whole back is afire!"

"I sprang up, but the coat tails remained behind—a charred, blackened heap. Mother tore off what remained of the coat, and the danger was soon over; but I was the most unhappy boy in Tenro that night, and have never heard the last of my first coat-tails to this day," said Papa, as he finished the story amid shouts of laughter from the children.

After the laugh had subsided, Papa said it was high time to attack the chestnut-trees in

the adjoining field, and all fell to work again with a will.

By four o'clock six big bags had been filled with chestnuts and hickory-nuts, with a few hazels thrown in for variety, and the members of the nutting-party were glad to prepare for the homeward ride, leaving the bags to the care of the farm-hands, who promised to take them over the mountain early Monday morning.

So Ned and Sunshine were harnessed, and while John went to the farm-house to thank Mr. Sheppard for his hospitality and the nuts, Papa packed away the belongings and collected his party.

Such a jolly, tired crowd as walked, rode, or "cut behind," as they went over the mountain toward supper and bed, which all felt would be welcome.

But, alas! Pokey had to prove that "there's many a slip 'twixt the cup and the lip."

(To be continued.)

UNCLE SAM'S "FARM" IN CANADA.

BY C. W. P. BANKS.



IN ST. NICHOLAS for May, 1897, Mr. Frank H. Spearman gave an interesting lesson on the true boundaries of Iowa and Nebraska.

I wish to tell the "geography class" of ST. NICHOLAS—which, by the way, is much the largest geography class in the world—how "Uncle Sam" came to own a large farm that seems to be situated in one of the richest agricultural sections of British territory.

Many of our Western readers are living on eighth-sections, quarter-sections, and half-sections which were "taken up" by their fathers, or perhaps their mothers, under the Land Acts and Timber Acts of our general government. These contain respectively one eighth, one fourth, and one half of the six hundred and

forty acres comprising a section, or a square mile.

The "farm" to which I refer contains three hundred and seventy-five square miles, or two hundred and forty thousand acres—that is, enough to give a quarter-section to each of fifteen hundred people, or a piece of territory containing over one third as much land as the State of Rhode Island; and this in one of the finest wheat-growing sections in North America.

Now, geography class, take your atlases and turn to the State of Minnesota. Follow along the boundary between Canada and the United States, up the Rainy River, to the Lake of the Woods. In all recent maps you will see that the boundary proceeds in an irregular northwesterly direction up past the forty-ninth degree, which you have learned is the boundary between the Dominion of Canada and the

United States, around a point of land, then west, then directly south, over land and water, until it touches the forty-ninth parallel of north latitude, along which it passes to the strait of Juan de Fuca.

This is made clear by referring to the diagram on this page.

We now know that the most northern part of the United States is in the State of Minnesota, surrounded by the Lake of the Woods on its north, east, and south, and by Manitoba on its west.

The question now arises, "How did the United States obtain title to this territory, which seems to go naturally with Canada?"

A want of geographical information on the part of the officials of Canada, or British America, and of the United States was the cause.

The treaty which fixes this part of the boundary is found in the second article of the convention with Great Britain, 1818, which is as follows:

"It is agreed that a line drawn from the northwestern point of the Lake of the Woods along the forty-ninth parallel of north latitude, or, if the said point shall not be in the forty-ninth parallel of north latitude, then that a line drawn from the said point due north or south, as the case may be, until the said line shall intersect the said parallel of north latitude, and from the point of such intersection due west along and with the said parallel, shall be the line of demarcation between the territories of the United States and those of his Britannic Majesty, etc."

Now, if you will look on the diagram here printed you will see two stars. The members of the Commission thought that, at the farthest, the point marked by the upper star was the northwestern point of the Lake of the Woods, while probably the point marked by the lower star, on the forty-ninth parallel, was the point. In

the former case the small point of land east of the two stars would belong to the United States, and in the latter case no land north of the forty-ninth parallel would become the property of the United States.

It was discovered, however, when the survey was made, that the most northwestern point of the Lake of the Woods was really in a then unknown arm of the lake—as the dia-



DIAGRAM SHOWING THE BOUNDARY LINES.

gram shows. Speaking scientifically, it lay in "latitude $49^{\circ} 23' 35''$, north, and in longitude $95^{\circ} 14' 38''$, west from the observatory of Greenwich." A line southward from this point gave to the United States the territory which I have called "Uncle Sam's Farm in Canada."

This, then, is the point as fixed by the Ashburton-Webster Treaty, concluded August 9, 1842, and it is by authority of this treaty that Uncle Sam has held his title to a fine farm.

At present there is no post-office in this territory. I am also unable to tell how many citizens of the United States live in this isolated place. If there are any readers of ST. NICHOLAS who can tell more about this land, I, for one, shall be glad to hear from them.

SOME SHIPS OF OUR NAVY.

BY BENJAMIN WEBSTER.

A MODERN navy must have vessels of different types. First comes the battle-ship—a great fighting monster, heavily armored, and stronger than she is fast. Next comes the cruiser, which is less armored, and can therefore be useful where greater speed is required. Besides these larger vessels, there are despatch-boats, torpedo-boat destroyers, and torpedo-boats. The United States also possesses monitors, a ram, and a dynamite cruiser.

ST. NICHOLAS shows you a few vessels of each kind, as types of our navy.

The battle-ships are named after the States, and the pictures show you five—the “Maine” and the “Texas,” known as turret battle-ships; the “Indiana” and “Massachusetts,” coast-line battle-ships; and the “Iowa,” a sea-going battle-ship.

The Maine, blown up in Havana Harbor February 15, and the Texas, now part of the Flying Squadron at Hampton Roads, date from 1886, and were built on a plan since given up—the heaviest guns being put in two turrets on opposite sides, one forward and the other aft of the smoke-stacks. The Texas is fast, steaming more than twenty miles an hour, and carries guns that fire shots weighing eight hundred and fifty pounds each. She is protected by armor a foot thick. In the picture here shown she is firing a salute to the President.

The Indiana and the Massachusetts, with the “Oregon,” built to defend our harbors, are believed to be as powerful as any ships afloat. Certainly none equals the Indiana in ability to give and take blows. She weighs 10,288 tons, goes about eighteen miles an hour, and her heaviest shots are of eleven hundred pounds apiece.

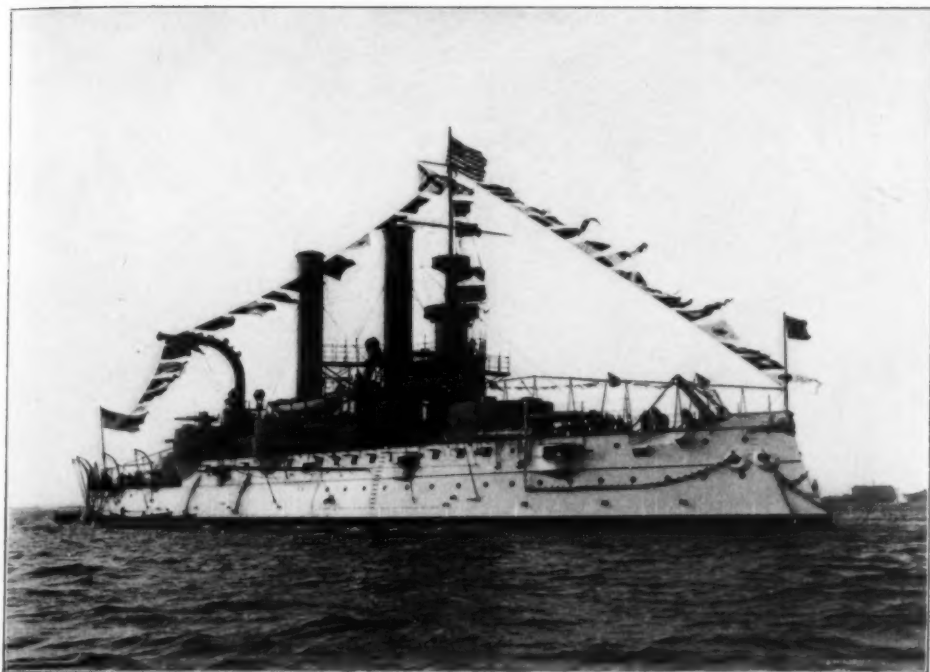
The Iowa is larger, slightly faster, carries lighter armor, but possesses guns nearly as powerful. She is called a sea-going battle-ship because she has higher sides and is otherwise better fitted for sailing and fighting at sea.

The “New York” and “Brooklyn” are armored cruisers—that is, they carry armor along the sides; while the “Columbia” and “Minneapolis” rely mainly upon an armored deck. They are the swiftest of the big ships—the Columbia having crossed the Atlantic at eighteen and a half knots an hour, and the Minneapolis having reached a speed of over twenty-three knots, more than twenty-six miles, an hour.

The monitors “Amphitrite” and “Terror” are built to defend harbors. They are about half as fast as the cruisers, are difficult to hit because they are low in the water, except for their heavily armored turrets, and can fire projectiles weighing five hundred pounds each. Some naval authorities believe the monitors a match for the heaviest battle-ships.

The “Katahdin” is a ram. She is meant to fling herself at the enemy’s vessel, and to pierce its hull with her strong steel nose. She is an experiment, and the only boat of her kind in the world. The “Vesuvius” has already been described in ST. NICHOLAS, and it will be enough to say that she fires dynamite by means of three enormous air-guns that are aimed by turning the whole vessel.

The “Porter” and “Ericsson” are torpedo-boats, the first having a speed of nearly thirty-three miles an hour, the second nearly twenty-eight. Some foreign torpedo-boats are faster than either, but our own have speed enough to overtake any of the larger craft, into which they could send their deadly torpedoes.



THE FIRST-CLASS BATTLE-SHIP "IOWA."

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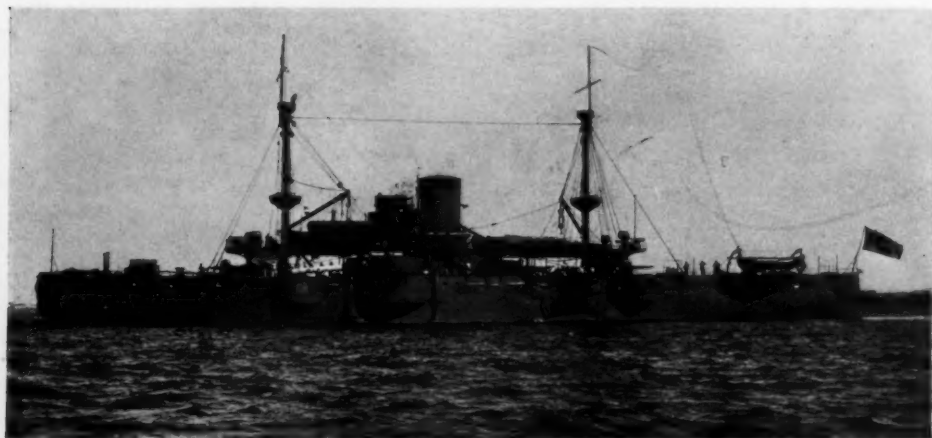
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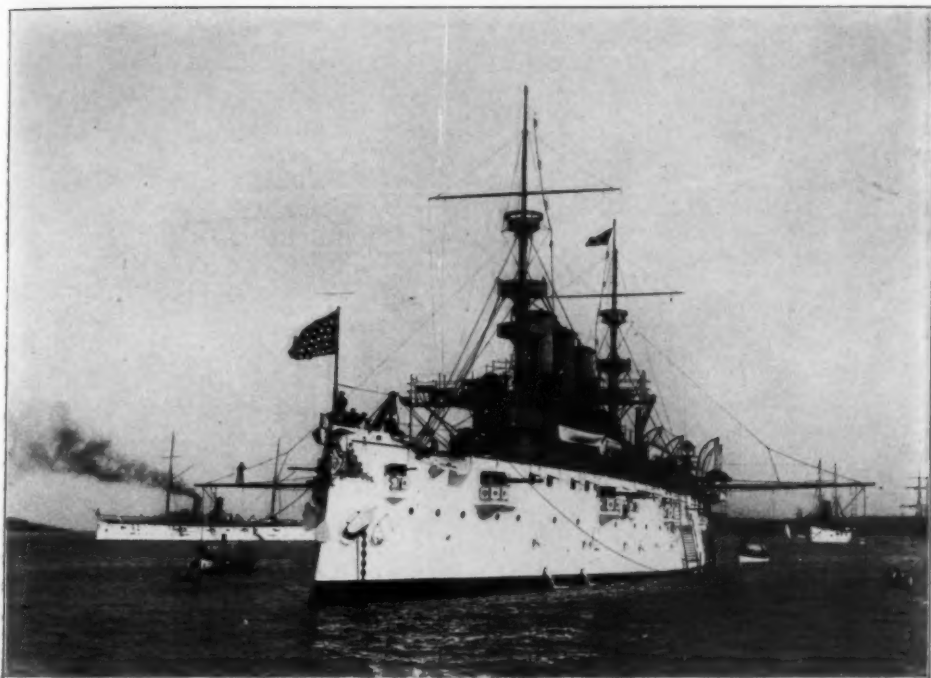
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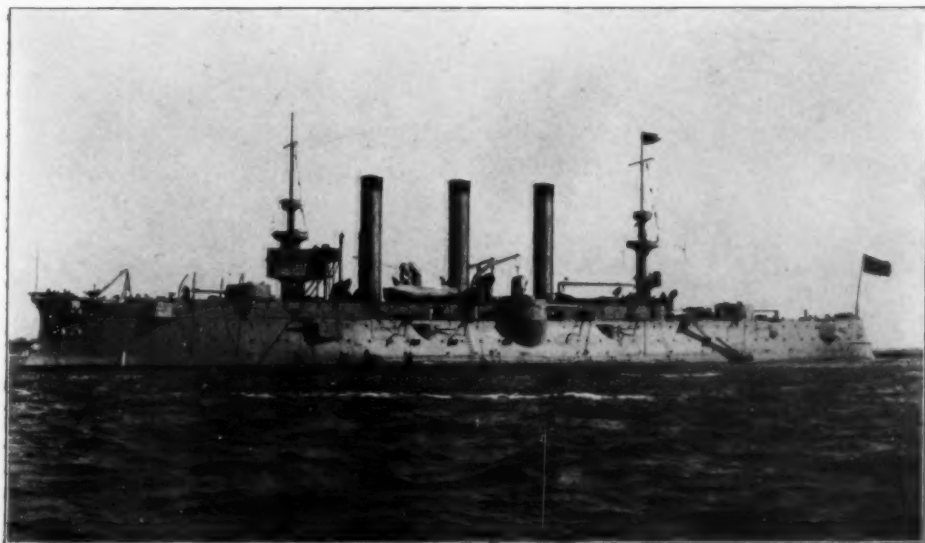
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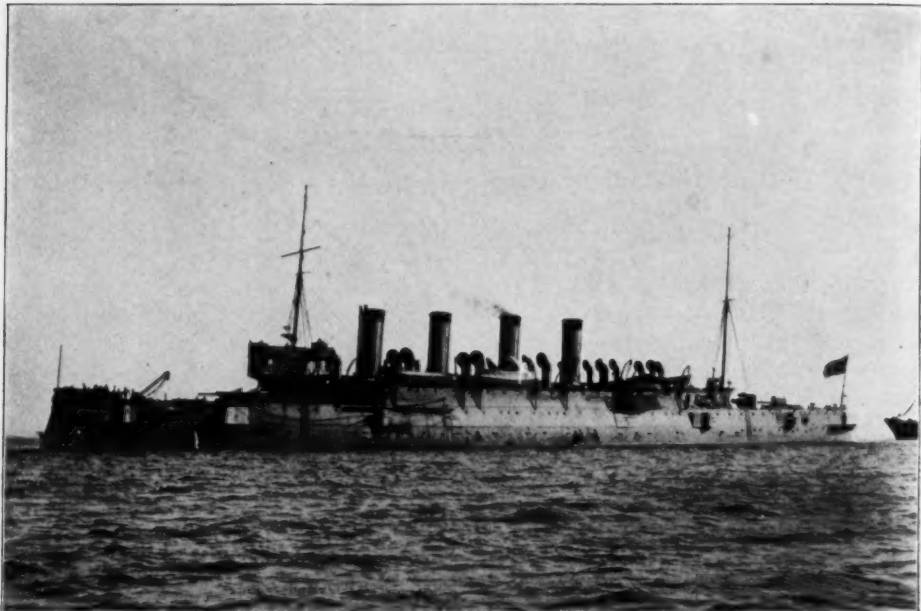
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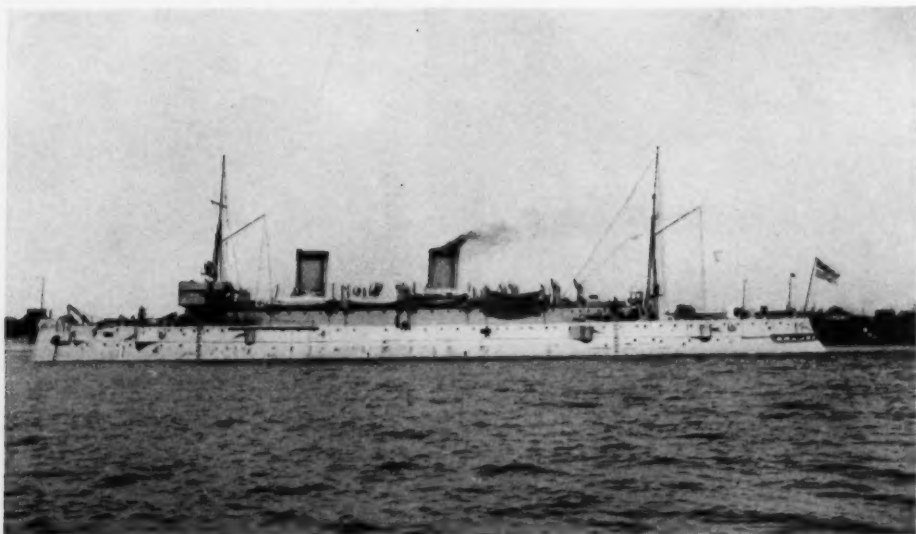
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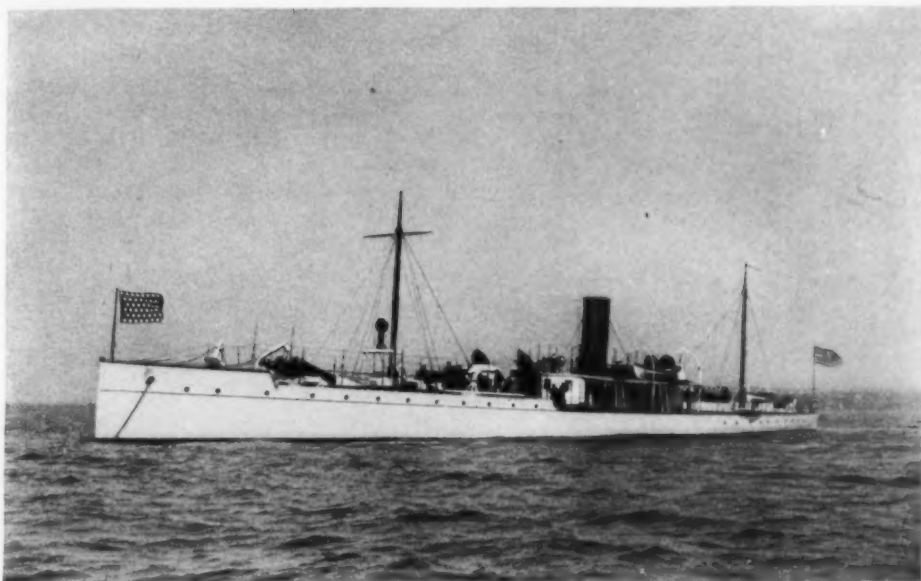
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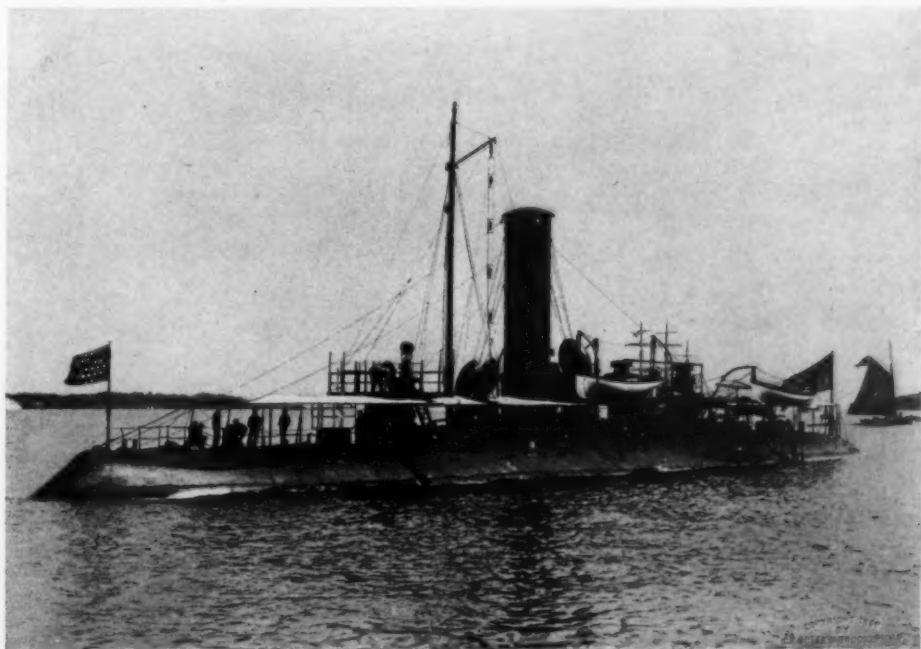
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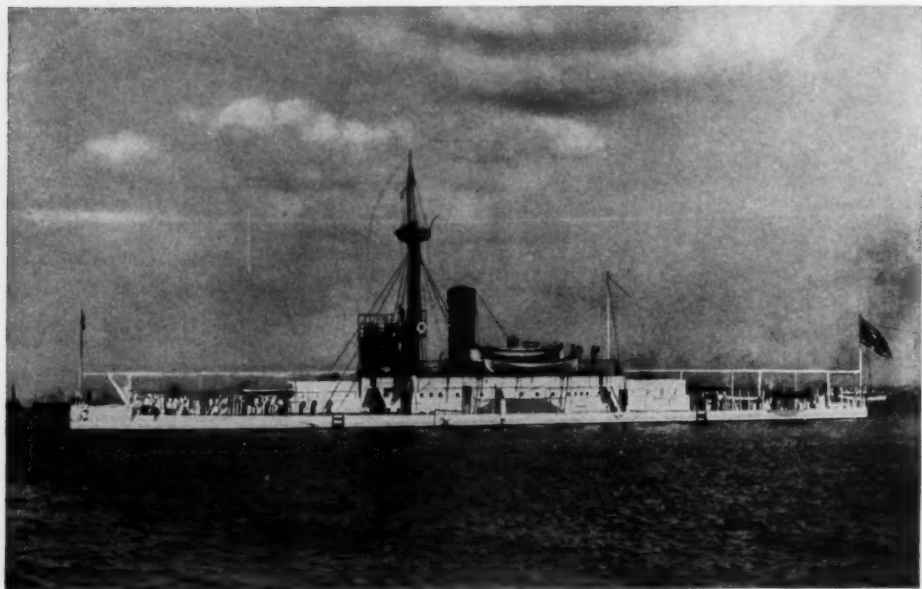
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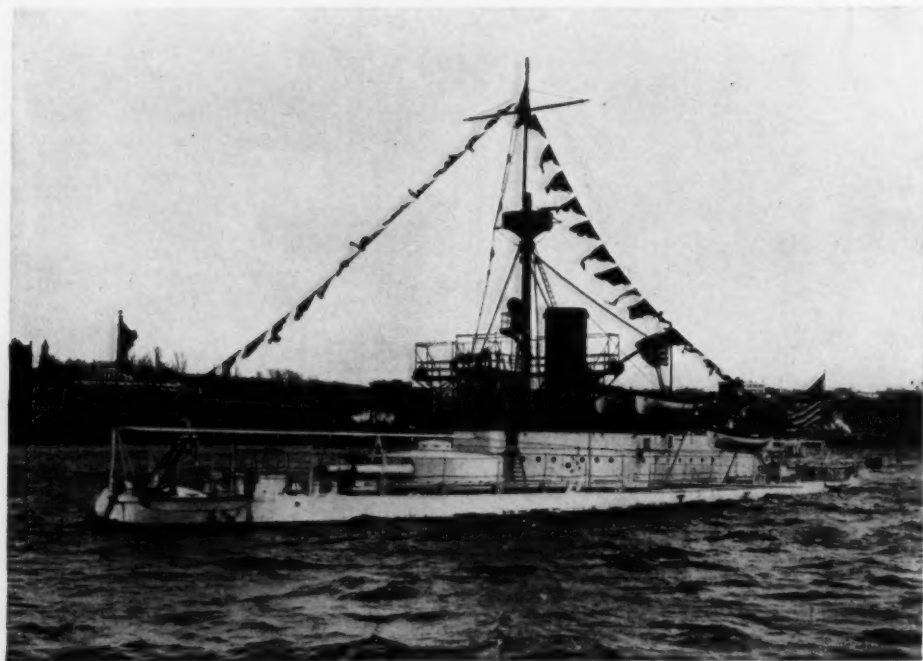


THE HARBOR-DEFENCE STEAM-RAM "KATAHDIN."

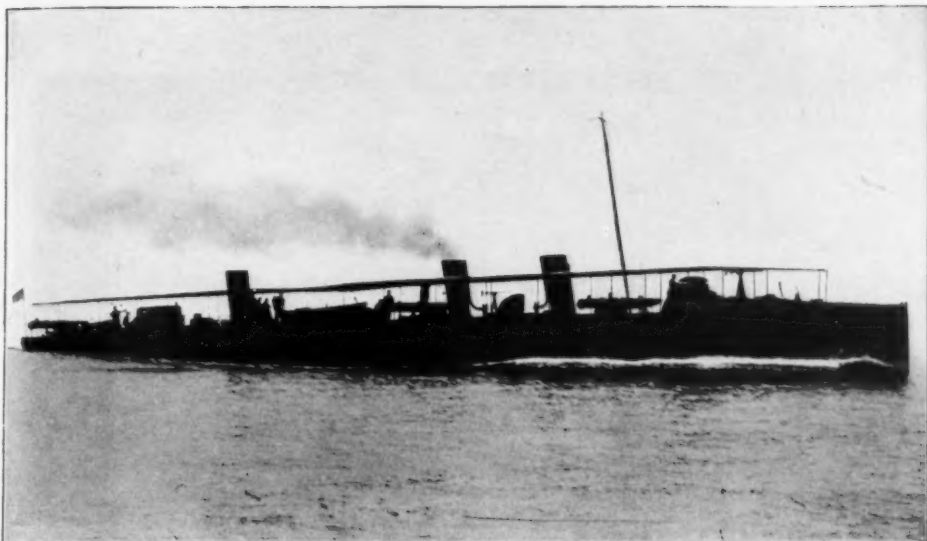
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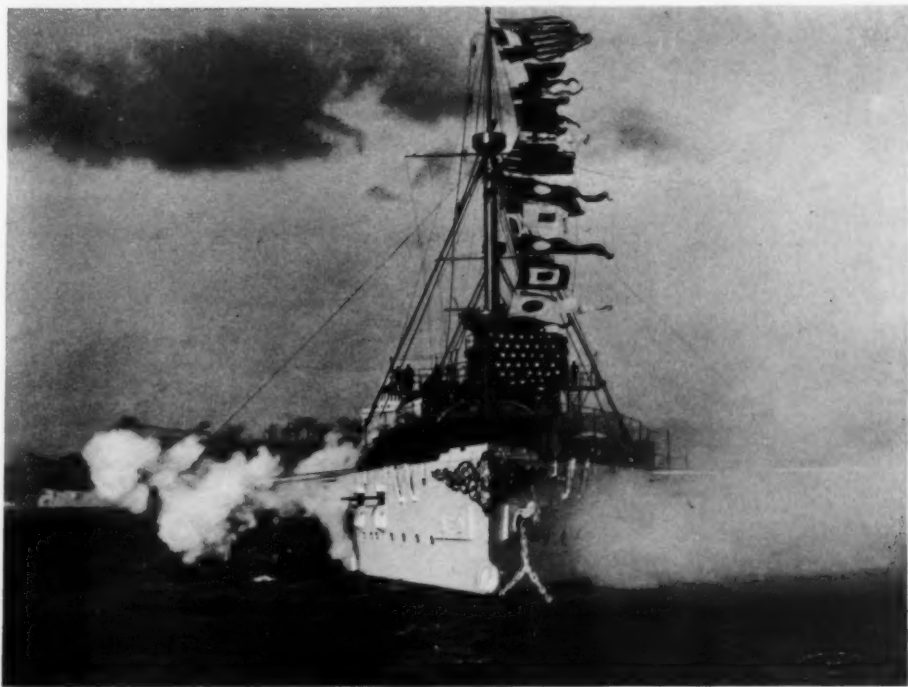


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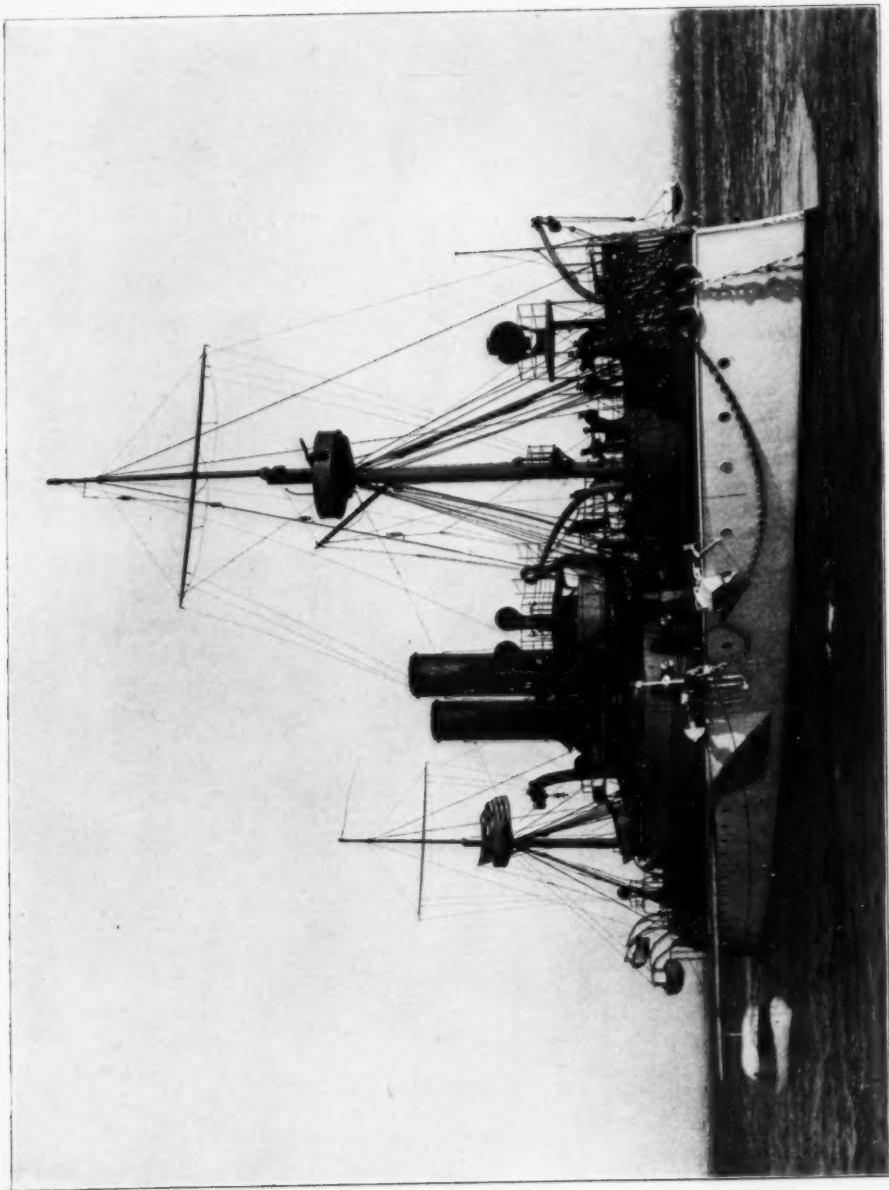
THE TORPEDO-BOAT "PORTER" UNDER WAY.

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THE "TEXAS" FIRING A SALUTE TO THE PRESIDENT.

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THE SECOND-CLASS BATTLE-SHIP "MAINE." BLOWN UP IN HAVANA HARBOR, FEBRUARY 15, 1898.
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THE LAKERIM ATHLETIC CLUB.

BY RUPERT HUGHES.

[This story was begun in the December number.]

X.

No one will ever know just what Sleepy was going to say about the Troy Latin School, for he dropped off in a doze in the midst of his sentence as suddenly as a small boy walking along a sidewalk disappears down a coal-hole left open by mistake.

It is probable, however, that Sleepy was going to say that since the Dozen had trounced the Kingston men in baseball, the number of academies that opposed the admission of Lakerim into the Interscholastic League would be so much reduced that if the Troy Latin School could be also taught to know its betters, the League would have to take in the High School in self-defense.

You must not think, from reading the different chapters of this history, that the Dozen had any wonderful fairy-story charm for winning all the games they played in. Far from it! They were beaten often, and sometimes very badly. Sometimes they got that disease which is something like the mumps—that disease called the “swelled head.” When they caught this they were pretty sure to have the swelling reduced by the clever work of their opponents. On the other hand, when the Dozen was at its best, and played its part in a businesslike way, every man working for the club first and himself and his own glory next, they were pretty certain to come out in the lead. They learned from bitter experience that “grand-stand playing,” or jealousy of one another generally brought disaster on the whole Twelve. And so their games were an education to them.

The reason I like to describe at length only the games they won is that it seems so much wiser and pleasanter to dwell on the good

qualities of our friends. Every one has faults,—it is no great honor to have a great many of them,—and so it takes no great wisdom to pick out the flaws in the people we know; sometimes it takes pretty sharp eyes to find their good points.

But this is n't getting on with the story.

The Lakerim baseball nine played a number of rattling good games that brought a deal of money into the treasury, though not enough to bring the wealth of the Twelve back to the high-water mark it had reached before they paid the first money down to the contractors. After they had got themselves well in hand for baseball, they found that the games they played were about practice enough, and some of them spent their leisure time rowing on the lake or on the little river that dawdled along half a mile from the town.

Before a great while eight of the men showed they would be promising material for a crew, and it was decided that, as they were trying all the other sports, they might as well include rowing; so they did.

Punk was the likeliest oarsman of the lot; there was something about the terrible earnestness and the grim steadiness of rowing that appealed to him and made him a better man than other fellows more brilliant and more lively could have been. The Dozen had an old eight-oared barge that had come down to them some way or other, and in this they practised ardently. They felt that if they could only have a new boat, built on the latest lines, they could at least stand a fair chance with the Troy Latin School, which, for all its haughtiness, did not boast a particularly expert crew. But racing-shells cost money, and Punk saw no way to buy one unless the funds in the treasury could be suddenly increased.

One day, after school, he was setting forth his woes to the girl who stood next to the Dozen

in his heart. As you might expect, such a slow-going fellow would pick out the liveliest girl in town for his best friend. Suddenly he looked round, and she had utterly disappeared. After a moment's wonderment, he sauntered on home, and thought nothing more about her mysterious disappearance; but the next day he learned that she had already thought of a great scheme to earn the club some ready cash.

Her plan was not very original, and not very new, but she made up for this in the energy she showed in carrying it out. There was to be a great and glorious "social," not given in a church, but in the High School. The twelve best girls of the Dozen were to furnish ice-cream and cake at the highest cost they dared.

These twelve girls were to take care of the business arrangements, sell all the tickets they could, and collect all the money they could, and turn over the profits to the club. In fact, the girls called themselves the "Lakerim Athletic Annex."

The boys of the club were to furnish the entertainment that was to draw the people out.

Thanks to the earnest efforts of the Annex, the club found a great audience gathered in the school-house. The expenses were almost nothing, and the sandwiches were all eaten, and well paid for. The ice-cream and cakes sold as if they were hot, and the lemonade-cooler had to be filled and refilled with water many times after the lemons were all gone.

The entertainment furnished by the Athletic Club proved very conclusively that the boys were better fitted for the athletic field than for the platform. They were all very red and dressed-up and nervous, and their knees shook like the rattle-bones of a minstrel show.

President Tug opened the ceremonies with a speech. He exhibited as much dignity as a boy can who has so many lumps in his throat that he thinks he is swallowing a pump-chain. Tug explained the nature of the club (which everybody knew), and its ambitions (which everybody knew). He ended with a fine appeal for help, that brought forth a generous response—of applause.

Then Reddy and Heady came in like the Siamese twins, and sang "Ship Ahoy!" At the end of the duet Reddy's voice broke, and

Heady got off the key. So, in the midst of much hand-clapping, and some laughter that could n't be helped, they hurried off the platform and out into the school yard, where each one blamed the other in such a loud tone that their new duet was heard inside, and seriously interfered with B. J.'s recitation, "I stood on the bridge at midnight." The audience, remembering the exploit of bridge-jumping that gave B. J. his title, listened to his solemn speech with a broad grin on its face.

Jumbo now appeared, and did some wonderful feats with Indian clubs. He brandished them as lightly as toothpicks in all sorts of curves and didos, and they flashed here, there, and everywhere like solid gold; but when one of them slipped and flew through the air, and after just skipping the principal's head, banged against one of the pillars, the gold proved to be only gilt paper pasted on.

Next Pretty appeared, and sang a tenor solo in an uncertain voice that shot up when it should have gone down, and slid down when it should have soared to the top notes. But he got an encore, and sang again; yet I must say that his appearance was much more agreeable than his voice.

After him Sawed-Off gave an exhibition of weight-lifting. The ease with which he held big masses of iron out straight, or "curled" them, or shoved them up toward the ceiling, led one of the boys who was not a member of the club to remark quite audibly that the dumb-bell was hollow and weighed about half a pound. Just as he had finished this speech the dumb-bell slipped and struck the floor with a crash, breaking one of the boards of the platform into smithereens. The visitor watched the rest of the exhibition silently, and Sawed-Off's goose-egg biceps won a loud recall.

Quiz was next, and delivered "Spartacus to the Gladiators" in a squeaky voice.

Punk recited a long oration of Daniel Webster's, and Bobbles addressed the audience as "Friends, Romans, countrymen!" which flattered them vastly.

History read an essay called "Night Brings Out the Stars." And since he brought in all the big words he could weave in, Jumbo whis-

pered to Sawed-Off: "Night ought to bring out a dictionary, too."

By the time History had finished reading his long, high-flown sentences the audience was getting restless; and when Sleepy appeared for the final number, and with his crooked baseball fingers played "Home, Sweet Home," with variations,—accent on the variations,—the audience was very glad to take the hint. They went home convinced that the Dozen must be pretty fine athletes since they were such poor entertainers; but as they did not take their money back with them, the Twelve made no complaint.

With the money gained from the "blow-out," as they called it, they were able to get a good racing-shell at a bargain, and it was shipped to them immediately. When it was out of its wrappings and floating gracefully on the river, Punk gazed on it lovingly, and patted its smooth cedar sides as if it were a more beautiful steed than any of the Thousand and One Arabian Nightmares.

At the first sight of the new shell, the Twelve decided to send a red-hot challenge to the Troy Latin School. After a period of waiting that tried their patience sorely, the challenge was begrudgingly accepted. Troy thought Lakerim would be a good thing to practise on.

Meanwhile the training of the crew was going on vigorously under Punk's management. The fellows dieted wisely, and not too well, and before long got the hang of things so that they rowed in fairly good form. Each man learned to fasten his eyes on the neck of the man in front of him, and to keep time with him exactly, with no glances to this side or that, and no attempt to do all the rowing for himself. The eight learned to catch the water together; to throw the greater part of their effort into the earlier part of the stroke, and then to "pull it through"; to feather the oars without splashing, to get them out without clipping, and to drop them back into the water with just the proper "ker-chug!" as they poetically called it.

Punk studied every man, and coached or argued with or trained him until he learned to use his arms as if they were straps, and bring the oar back to his breast without swinging the body off from the straight line, not to dip too

deep, and yet to cover his oar well, and, above all, not to let himself get rattled and out of time with the seven others.

Punk studied even the little eddies that each oar sent back, and by the depth of these and their neatness and the number of their bubbles learned to pick out the shirkers from the workers, and to tell just how each man was rowing, as if each eddy were an autograph writ in water.

Punk himself looked to be, as he was, just the ideal oarsman. His arms were long and big-boned; his back was a chart of anatomy; his hips were wide, and his loins full of strength, and his legs had neither too much nor too little sinew. His lungs were a magnificent pair of stout bellows, and his heart was steady as an eight-day clock. So he was made the Captain and the Stroke.

B. J. was Number One in the bow, and Bobbles was Number Two, and the Third man was Quiz, whose bicycle had given him good legs; Sawed-Off, being the heaviest, was put in the center, and next were Reddy and Heady; and the Seventh man—the all-important Seventh man who must watch the Stroke and pass on to the rest all of his motions—was Tug, of course.

History, being the smallest of the Twelve, was made Coxswain. They wanted him to leave his glasses off so as to reduce his weight; but the first time he tried it he nearly steered them aground, so they decided they must carry those additional ounces of cargo.

Jumbo was broken-hearted at being separated from Sawed-Off, and Sawed-Off wanted to quit the crew, but after much argument the sworn chums were appeased. Jumbo consented to stay ashore and help them with his good wishes and advice. Sleepy tried hard to make the crew, because he said rowing just suited him; all you had to do was to get into the swing, and row on in your sleep. But somehow Punk could n't see it quite in that light. Pretty had the build of an oarsman, but did not enjoy the hard, steady grind of it; so there was no change made in the eight as Punk first picked them out.

As the all-eventful day of the race drew near, the beloved boat was packed on a train as anxiously as if its shell were that of an egg, and Punk stayed by to guard it. The morning of

the race the boys arrived at Troy. (It was not Troy, New York, nor the Troy Homer and Virgil told about; you 'll find it on the map near Lakerim.)

The boat was carefully taken to the water's edge and placed, bottom up, on sawhorses; then Punk went over it all, touching up its coat here and there, and readjusting the outriggers and all the parts of the boat with an eye like a microscope.

The fellows took a trial spin over the course and back, in the bracing air of the river and the morning. They paddled easily but scientifically as long as they were under the eyes of the Trojans; but when they were out of sight around the one bend on the course, Punk told Coxswain History to yell, "Hit her up!" and they ran up the stroke to a fierce sweep that sent the shell singing through the water.

After a good light lunch and a brisk walk, they came back to their quarters and rested while the crowd began to gather along both sides of the river. There were tugs and excursion-steamers, and a ferry-boat, and a house-boat or two, and innumerable skiffs huddling together and hunting out the best positions, until the quiet old river wondered if the world were coming to an end, or if all these people were celebrating its birthday—it had had so many birthdays that it had no idea what one this would be. But though it had long since got into the habit of reckoning a thousand years as one year, this was the first birthday party it had had since the warriors of two tribes of Indians fought in birch-bark canoes upon its placid breast.

Along the side of the river ran a railroad, whose loud whistle often reminded the old stream of the war-cries of the lost children of the forest. This railroad was to send a special train along to follow the race, and some of its cars were made gorgeous with the banners of the Trojan tribe; but Lakerim men were proud to see that others of these cars were still more beautiful with the ribbons and flags of their own town.

Soon after the judges' boat had taken its place, and all the preliminaries were settled, the Troy Latin School crew issued from its boat-house, carrying a long paper shell, placed it

delicately on the stream, stepped into it gingerly, and rowed into position with an easy grace that showed great confidence. Cheers and shrieking whistles greeted them in huge force; but when the Lakerim eight swung gently into position, though there were not so many voices to whoop it up, the enthusiasm of the cheers more than atoned for their lack of volume.

Then followed a deep silence, while the sixteen oarsmen slipped out of their sweaters and bent forward like drawn bows, waiting for the pistol-shot that was to set these steel springs into a frenzy of action.

"Attention!"

"Ready!"

Bang!

On the instant sixteen stout lads lifted themselves from the sliding-seats, and flung their bodies backward with a lunge that fairly lifted the two shells out of the water. Thirty-two biceps swelled big as they pulled oars home to chests in a clean, steady line. Sixteen oars flashed through the air like homing pigeons, buried themselves again beneath the water, and dug viciously at it again and again, and ceaselessly.

Punk was so methodical and steady himself that his main idea had been to make clocks out of his men, with oars for pendulums. He knew that in rowing, above all sports, the ideal for the oarsmen to strive toward is to make themselves as nearly as possible only perfect parts of a soulless machine; each must run smoothly, and swing in perfect alinement.

In his determined efforts to train his men out of all semblance to excitable individuals, he had given little attention to teaching them a brilliant start. He knew that a fine beginning might, after all, prove to be only the sputter of a man whose strength went out in a flash instead of burning in steady blaze.

After the first three or four violent strokes, as Punk looked out of the tail of his eye he could barely see the stern of the Troy boat; and he knew that they led him by nearly half a length.

History, the Coxswain, was mightily excited at the seeming superiority of the rivals; but Punk calmed him with the two words, "Hold it,"

and he set a stroke of thirty-six to the minute, long, dogged, telling; and the hysterical cheers of the Troy faction, and the toot of their whistles, found his ears almost deaf to the uproar.

All he listened for was the little chunk of the oars when they fell into the water as one, and the little purl of the eddies, and the tinkle of the drops as they fell from the flashing blades. So long as the noise of the oars was not a boisterous splashing, and so long as the boat throbbed regularly on an even keel as it bounded forward, he knew they were all right.

But out of the tail of his eye he watched the tail of the Troy boat. When he lost sight of it he quickened the stroke, and when it reappeared he lowered the stroke; he made no effort to gain.

The Troy men, however, were working like Trojans, and rowing themselves out in their efforts to shake off this despised Lakerim eight. But bend as they would, and dig as they would, and grunt as they would, they could not effect any permanent change in their positions. It was almost as if the Lakerim boat had grappled them, and they felt, as they toiled, that they were pulling it as well their own shell.

When they had thus sped well along their course,—speeding, however, was not the word the spectators would have given it; it looked like crawling to those on the train,—Punk felt that he was pretty well acquainted with the stuff the Troy men had in them. He gave the sign to History, and made eight hearts glad by the quickening of the stroke. Each of the seven men behind him saw the back that was his master move to and fro a little quicker and a little quicker, till they were all fairly humming. Troy responded to the spurt vigorously, and there was a pretty test. But they could not keep the pace Punk set them, and the Lakerim boat moved along their side with stubborn persistence until the Trojan stroke-oar could just barely see out of the tail of his eye the tail of the Lakerim boat. Then he lost it from view, and to save him could not find it again.

Slowly, slowly, Lakerim pulled away till the oarsmen in the Trojan bow lost sight of the boat; till the amazed Troy folk on the train that puffed alongside saw daylight between the bow

of their own boat and the stern of the Lakerim shell; till the inch grew to a foot, and the foot to a yard, and the yard to a boat-length, and the boat-length to a yard of boat-lengths. And there Punk held her.

The Troy School men spurted and spurted until their tongues almost hung out of their mouths—till there was no more spurt in their nerves. They rowed out of line, “out of the boat,” as they say, each man for himself; they splashed and caught crabs and lost the stroke generally, until the distracted coxswain, after yelling in vain at each of the stampeded crew, was forced to slow down the stroke and get them together again.

Punk’s men might have had the same panic under the same circumstances; but now they were far in the lead and the stampede in the Troy shell gave them three more lengths to add to their three. They could see for themselves the disastrous effects that came about when each man thought to save the day for himself, and slipped his cog. So they rowed merrily along, tired and panting, but rejoicing.

And row the flags they had passed told them they were nearing home, and they were already planning what celebration they should give to their victory. Even Punk,—the sedate, mechanical Punk—forgot his solemnity, and grinned at History like the Cheshire cat.

And then—and then—

A little rip, and a sudden snap, and a loud crash! His oar had broken! His good spruce oar had played the traitor and failed him just in the moment of his victory! Instinctively, for a moment, he continued the motions of rowing with the fragment he held in his hand; then, in stupefaction, he dropped it, and saw the two parts of the blade drifting away from him. History’s eyes were almost popped out of his head.

And now Punk has ceased to bend to and fro; and Tug, who has seen the whole catastrophe, almost stops rowing; and the rest slow down their stroke and merely paddle.

For a moment only, Punk sits bewildered; then, with a cry, “Row, all!” and with a swift command to History, “Hit her up!” he rises in his place, brushes the little coxswain to one side, and places one foot on the keel-piece of the

shell, and, bracing himself, leaps head first into the water! The boat gives a lurch, then steadies herself, as the seven oarsmen understand, and take up their task where it had broken off. The loss of the best oarsman in the shell is a grievous loss; and he is captain too! But if he were only to be a "passenger," his room was better than his company.

A tremendous shout broke from the throats of all the spectators, even from the friends of the Troy faction, at the plucky act of the Lakerim captain. The Troy coxswain, however, saw the accident with delight, and saw in it a hope to win the race. For he thought it better to beat seven men than to be beaten by eight.

In the trouble that fell upon the Lakerim crew the Troy shell recovered much of the intervening distance, and hardly two lengths remained to Lakerim when the seven men got back into the old swing. "It was all a question of distance and time. The boys rejoiced that they were so near home, and determined to fight the battle to the end of their strength.

The Troy boat came loping along with a spurt. Then the Lakerim men got themselves well under way, and the Troy superiority was not so marked. The Trojans gained, gained, of course—but slowly, however surely. The lungs and legs of the Lakerim seven ached like mad. But though Punk was absent from them in the flesh, he was with them in spirit, and they kept their heads and coöperated with one another magnificently. Even if they lost, they would lose in good form.

And now the interval that had widened between them and the Troy boat is closing. Once more the bow and the stern are even, and the Troy eight moves along the Lakerim seven, notch by notch, man by man. But History calls out desperately to each boy by name for one last

effort, and they all bend to the oars like fiends. Tug and the others pry upon the water until their boat answers in leaps like a hound. The oar-blades clench the stream as the teeth of the oarsmen clench. Then, with one last heave that seems to drain their strength down to their very toes, they lift her across the line into victory—half a length ahead.

The Lakerim seven did not faint,—a winning crew never does,—but they were as near swooning like heroines in old-fashioned novels as modern heroes ever were. They were not, however, half over their weakness before they began to worry about their captain who had, as they say, "fallen outside of the breastworks." The last they had seen of him was when his head disappeared in the crowd of boats following in the wake of the race. They felt sure that he had been picked up at once.

But Punk had not fared so well as they thought. The winter chill of the river had not yet yielded to the mild persuasion of the spring; and when he rose to the surface after the shock of the dive he felt almost half frozen with the cold, and he choked as he came up and swallowed a stomachful of water, and barely saved himself from being beaten over the head by the Trojan oars; for he was so bewildered that he struck out in the wrong direction.

He kept himself afloat, however, till the leading tug came along. The tug was under some headway, however, and since he tried to get by on one side, and it tried to pass him on the other, he was again almost run under, and hardly saved himself by a great fling to the left, just as the tug swept by. The current of the river was too strong, however, and though they reached for him, he went swishing past out of reach of the boat-hooks and hands.

Then the suction of the screw began to pull at him and to drag him toward the whirling blades.

(To be continued.)



CEREMONIES AND ETIQUETTE OF A MAN-OF-WAR.

BY LIEUTENANT PHILIP ANDREWS, U. S. N.

THE regulations of the navy set forth just what honors shall be shown the various high officials and military officers who visit our men-of-war. The practice follows closely that in vogue by all nations, so that it would be very difficult to leave out any of the numerous honors and salutes now given. That more simplicity in the honors shown officials would be better suited to our republican form of government is certain; but international courtesy requires that we go through the same ceremonies as those employed by the most formal countries. The Chinese have a most sensible custom for rendering honors. They give a salute of only three guns, whatever the rank of the visitor. This saves much noise and waste of powder, and would be an excellent practice for all nations to follow.

When the President of the United States visits a ship-of-war of our country, he is received at the gangway by the admiral, commodore, or commanding officer, together with such other officers as may be selected. The officers of the ship, in full uniform, are on deck, the crew, in their best uniforms, are at quarters for inspection, and the marine guard and band are paraded.

As the President steps on deck the drums give four ruffles, the band plays the national air, the President's flag is displayed at the main, and a salute of twenty-one guns is fired. When the President leaves the same ceremony is gone through with, the salute being fired when the boat containing him clears the ship, his flag being hauled down at the last gun.

Any other vessels of the navy present give the same salutes, and the crew, as the President passes, man the yards, or parade along the rail if the ship is without square-rigged masts.

Manning yards is one of the customs of the old navy, and is dying out with the disappearance of square-rigged masts. The men stand on all the yards, arms stretched out, and hands grasping the life-lines, which are stretched

above the yard to give proper support. It is a very pretty sight, as the life-lines cannot be seen, and the men seem to be standing unsupported on the yards. As men-of-war to-day are being built without sail-power, and with only military masts, this ceremony has of necessity been replaced by simply parading the crew on deck in the most conspicuous places.

The following table shows the honors given other officials:

Rulers or ex-rulers of nations.	Crew paraded or yards manned.
Members of royal families.	Salute of 21 guns.
Ex-President of the U. S. (except that no flag is displayed).	Band plays national air.
	The marine guard paraded.
	Eight side-boys.
	National flag displayed.
Vice-President of the U. S.	Salute of 19 guns when he leaves.
	Marine guard paraded.
	Six side-boys.
Cabinet ministers.	
Justices of the Supreme Court.	The marine guard paraded.
Governors of States.	Salute of 17 guns.
Committees of Congress.	Six side-boys.
An admiral.	
The Assistant Secretaries of War or of the Navy.	Marine guard paraded.
A vice-admiral.	Salute of 15 guns.
An envoy extraordinary and minister plenipotentiary.	Six side-boys.
A minister of the U. S. abroad, or minister of a foreign country.	Marine guard paraded.
A rear-admiral.	Salute of 13 guns.
	Six side-boys.
A chargé d'affaires or commissioner.	Marine guard paraded.
A commodore.	Salute of 11 guns.
	Six side-boys.
Consuls-general.	Salute of 9 guns.
	Sergeant's guard of marines.
	Six side-boys.

Consuls.	}	Salute of 7 guns.
Captains and commanders.		Sergeant's guard of marines.
		Four side-boys.
Vice-consuls or commercial agents.	}	Salute of 5 guns.
		Four side-boys.
Commissioned officers of lower rank.	}	Two side-boys.

No salute exceeds twenty-one guns, and no salute is ever fired except between sunrise and sunset, when the national colors must be displayed; but it is also usual not to fire salutes before 8 A. M. Whenever the President is embarked in a ship-of-war flying his flag, all other United States ships-of-war, and naval stations near which he passes, will fire the national salute.

Side-boys are detailed usually from the apprentice boys. They stand each side of the gangway, in line, and salute by touching their caps as visiting officials come on board or leave. Commissioned officers board and leave a ship by the starboard gangway. Warrant officers, naval cadets, and enlisted men use the port gangway.

After nightfall, all boats coming close to the ship are hailed by the marine sentry or by the quartermaster with the words, "Boat ahoy!" A flag-officer answers, "Flag"; a commanding officer answers the name of his ship; other commissioned officers answer, "Aye, aye"; warrant officers and naval cadets answer, "No, no"; while enlisted men answer, "Hello!"

Every officer and man, on reaching the upper deck, salutes the national flag, and this salute is returned by the officer of the watch at hand.

Flag-officers are addressed by their titles of admiral or commodore; captains and commanding officers are called "Captain"; all other officers are called "Mr.," and not by their official titles, though in addressing them in writing these titles are always used. The surgeons, however, are usually called "Doctor," and paymasters of any grade "Paymaster."

Boat salutes are given by tossing oars, which means holding them upright in the air with

the blades fore and aft; or by lying on oars, by which is meant holding the oars horizontal as they rest in the rowlocks. Coxswains of boats stand and salute when passing boats containing officers. All officers and men, whether in uniform or not, meeting a senior afloat or ashore, salute by touching the cap.

When a ship of the navy enters a port of any nation where there is a fort or battery, or where a ship-of-war of that nation may be lying, she shall fire a salute of twenty-one guns, provided the captain is satisfied that the salute will be returned. The flag of the nation saluted will be displayed at the main during the salute.

National airs of foreign states having war-vessels in company with our own will be played by our bands as a compliment.

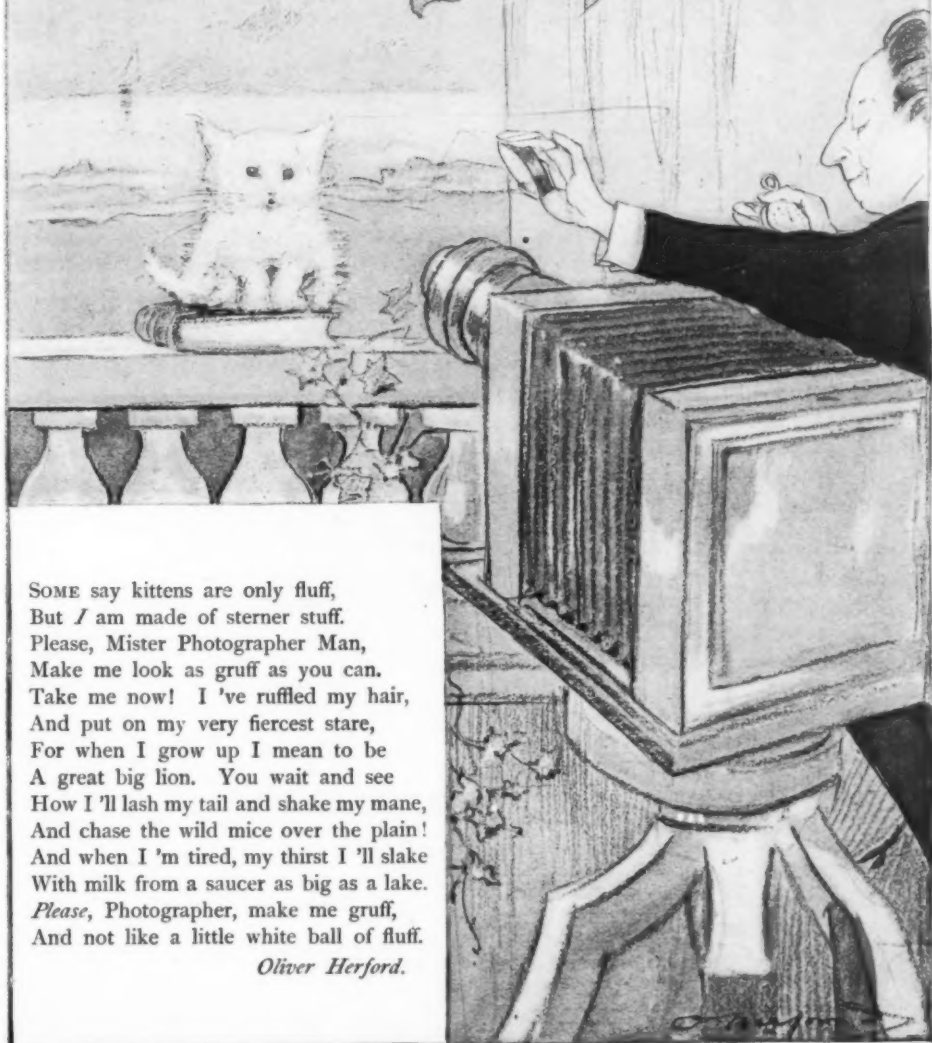
In the morning, after "Colors," and at sunset, the national air of the port is played, followed by the national airs of the foreign ships-of-war present, in the order of the rank of the commanding officers.

On the occasion of celebrating foreign national anniversaries or festivals, when ships-of-war of that nation dress ship, ours follow, with the foreigner's flag at the main, and fire the same salutes they do. It is usual in such cases to dress ship from 8 A. M. till sunset. Dressing ship is simply making a great display of all available flags and bunting, festooned and strung all over the ship's masts in some regular fashion.

It has been a noticeable fact that English men-of-war manage never to be in port on a Fourth of July with a man-of-war of our country, thus avoiding firing a salute in honor of the anniversary of our independence. On Queen Victoria's "Jubilee Day" men-of-war all over the world in company with English vessels dressed ship, and with them fired a salute of fifty guns, a very unusual thing.

It may seem that there is too much fuss and ceremony attending our military functions, and no doubt it might well be lessened; but a great deal of it is necessary as a partial means of preserving wholesome respect for the officers, and of keeping up discipline.

At the Photographer's.



SOME say kittens are only fluff,
But *I* am made of sterner stuff.
Please, Mister Photographer Man,
Make me look as gruff as you can.
Take me now! I 've ruffled my hair,
And put on my very fiercest stare,
For when I grow up I mean to be
A great big lion. You wait and see
How I 'll lash my tail and shake my mane,
And chase the wild mice over the plain!
And when I 'm tired, my thirst I 'll slake
With milk from a saucer as big as a lake.
Please, Photographer, make me gruff,
And not like a little white ball of fluff.

Oliver Herford.



"THAT 'S A BIG ONE!"

THE NEWSPAPER.

BY ANNIE B. JONES.

FATHER reads the paper
When he comes home at night,
"To find out all the news," he says,
And I suppose he 's right:
Yet when I asked, he had n't read
That Bob, our butcher's cat, was dead.

TWO BIDDICUT BOYS

And their Adventures with a Wonderful Trick Dog.

By J. T. TROWBRIDGE.

[This story was begun in the December number.]

XXXIII.

BACK IN BIDDICUT.

"He's coming! Cliff's coming! And he's got the dog! He's bringing home the dog!"

Trafton Chantry, who had been watching at the gate for his absent brother, shrieked out this welcome news at about nine o'clock that morning.

Susie took up the cry: "Cliff is coming! Cliff is coming with the dog!" She flew through the kitchen, calling, "Amos! he's come! Tell pa, quick! He's come with the dog!"

The mother hastened to the door, to behold with her own amazed and happy eyes the return of the wanderer, of whom no word had been received since Quint's father brought news of the two boys the day before.

"I declare," she exclaimed, "wonders will never cease! My son!—and he has got the prize!" For to her, also, the appearance of the dog led captive was the crowning triumph of her boy's return.

Trafton had rushed out again to meet his brother, and they came into the yard together, walking fast and talking fast, with Sparkler trotting demurely between them. Amos came running and shouting, and Mr. Chantry appeared, his amused face quivering between his fleecy side-whiskers; and soon a jubilant group was gathered, of which Cliff was the central figure and flushed hero.

He stood holding Sparkler by the cord, and with gleeful excitement answering, or attempting to answer, the volleys of questions of which he was the target.

"Pa said he'd bet a thousand dollars you would n't bring home any dog," cried Amos, glorying in his brother's glory.

"I wish I could have taken that bet!" Cliff retorted, while the father stood parting

his whiskers with both hands, and smiling with good-humored sarcasm.

"I did n't think you would get him," he said; "and I did n't see much use in it, even if you should. 'T would take a good many dogs to pay for the anxiety your mother suffered sitting up for you last night."

"I thought of that," Cliff replied, "and I would have helped it, if I could!"

"That's nothing now," said his mother. "Your father was just as anxious as I was.

But we both had faith that you and Quint would be able to take care of yourselves. Do sit down, Cliff! You must be tired. And we'll all try to keep still and let you tell your story."

"I'm not a bit tired," Cliff protested, sitting down, nevertheless; "and I don't know what to tell first. Only this I'll say, first and last and all the time: I owe everything to Quint. He's great! You never saw such a fellow! And now —!"

He could n't help telling the most surprising part of his story at the beginning.

"If you want to know who is the real owner of the dog, see here!" He held something clasped in his hand, which he opened under his father's peering gray eyes. "See how it fits the place on the collar! And the fellow himself owned up that he stole him from the circus. He's Barnum's famous performing spaniel!"

Any disappointment Cliff may have felt in consequence of his father's seeming lack of enthusiasm was amply compensated by the exclamations of wonder with which the others regarded the engraved plate and heard his account of how he came by it.

"P. T. Barnum" was a famous name in those days, known in every household in the land. In the minds of all, it added immensely to the importance of the dog lolling at their feet, and to the fact of Cliff's possession of him, to know that he belonged to the great traveling circus and menagerie they had read about.

Nor was Mr. Chantry's enthusiasm as unmoved as it appeared. There was a glistening brightness in his eyes as he held the plate in his hand and glanced at it occasionally while Cliff told his story; and finally, when he heard how the boys had followed Winslow through hardships and discouragements, and captured him at last, he no longer attempted to disguise his satisfaction.

"I always knew Quint Whistler had good

The younger boys were on their knees, patting and hugging the object of so much solicitude and excited discussion.

"Can't we buy him of Barnum?" was Traf-ton's pathetic appeal.

"That is n't likely," said the father. "Such a dog as that is worth too much money. Barnum must be notified the first thing."

"I would n't give him up!" said Susie.

"Nor I!" "Nor I!" chimed in the younger



THE RETURN OF THE WANDERER.

stuff in him," he remarked; "and I don't see that the other Biddicut boy's conduct was anything to be very much ashamed of. Yes, Cliff; I think you did right to take the twenty dollars. But I'm glad you intend to keep only the ten you had been tricked out of. I've heard of your Mr. Miller in Wormwood, and I'm pretty sure Quint's father knows him; we'll get his five dollars to him in some way. And now" — Mr. Chantry glanced at the engraved name again — "now about the real owner of this dog with too many owners."

boys, while Cliff looked thoughtfully down at the pet crouched lazily between his feet.

"It is n't a question of what you would or you would n't do," said the father; "it's a question of what is right. Stolen property belongs to the owner, no matter what innocent hands it has fallen into. You said you looked up the names of the places where his show is to be the next few days?"

"It's in Lowell to-day," Cliff replied. "Next Monday it is to be in Worcester, and the day after in Springfield. I tell you, it was

a temptation for Quint and me to go as straight to Lowell as we could, and have the business settled before there was a chance for any more accidents. But we concluded to come home and tell the news and consult our folks."

"A wise conclusion," said Mr. Chantry, who commonly put so much pepper in his praises of his children that any commendation of his that was free from such ironic condiment gave them all the greater satisfaction. "I don't see but you have acted, all through, about as discreetly as two boys could. Now we'll consult Quint's folks, and decide what's best to do."

"That's my idea," said Cliff; "for of course he has just as much interest in the dog now as I have. He stopped to see his folks, but he promised to come by and by, and talk the matter over."

"To-day is Saturday," Mr. Chantry mused aloud. "I believe Mr. Barnum generally travels with his show, but he may be going home to Bridgeport to spend Sunday. I'll write to Bridgeport. If he is n't there, the letter will be forwarded. A little delay may be unavoidable, but it won't do any harm."

"It seems to me," said Mrs. Chantry, "it would be a good idea for Cliff himself to write the letter; why not?"

"That's so! To be sure!" said her husband.

"Oh, I can't write a letter to Mr. Barnum!" Cliff exclaimed, looking up with frightened eyes.

"Do the best you can," said his father. "Make it as brief and businesslike as possible, without trying to tell anything more than is necessary. You never wrote a letter to a great man, and very likely you never will have another chance."

And Mr. Chantry went out, laughing and stroking his whiskers, leaving the boy to face the formidable difficulty of the letter.

XXXIV.

CLIFF WRITES A LETTER AND RECEIVES A TELEGRAM.

HOWEVER, his father's hint had set the boy's mind to working, and while putting Sparkler into the shed, and afterward when he was refreshing himself with soap and

water and clean clothing, he thought out the substance of what he would write.

"If I just say in plain words that I've found the dog, and would like to know what to do with him, won't that be enough?" Cliff asked his mother, as he seated himself at the sitting-room secretary.

"Why, that's just what you want to say," replied his mother. "Write just as you would talk. Now, boys, don't bother him; keep away till he has his letter written."

Cliff, nevertheless, chewed his pen-handle a good deal, and started two or three letters, before he found just the "plain words" he wanted, and put them together in this way:

DEAR SIR: Two days ago a man calling himself Algernon K. Winslow came to this town and sold me a dog for ten dollars. The dog is a small spaniel of mixed breed, and he has been trained to perform tricks. The dog got away the next morning, and another boy and I followed him through five towns, and caught him last night, and brought him home to our house this forenoon. We found the dog had been sold to several different persons, and he had got away from everybody. There was no name on the dog's collar, but we think we have proof that he belongs to you. I like the dog, and would be glad to keep him; but if he is yours, and you want him, please let me know what you wish to have done with him.

This letter he signed in formal fashion and showed to his mother.

"Why, Clifford!" she said. "I think it is a very creditable letter, and I'm sure your father will say so, too!"

"I had no idea of writing so much, but it all came in," said Cliff, well pleased with his composition, now that she had commended it. "But I want to correct and copy it before father has a chance to make fun of it. I've got too many *dogs* in it, for one thing; I want to take out five or six."

He had the letter corrected and neatly copied (for Cliff wrote a very good hand), with the word *dog* occurring in only two places, by the time his father came in.

"Did you do all that without help from anybody?" said Mr. Chantry—the very question Cliff knew he would ask.

"Of course," said Cliff, carelessly. "I found there was n't much to say. If it is n't all right, I can try again." The evidence of his

previous trials had disappeared in the kitchen fire.

His father gave a nod of decided approval.

"Well, Clifford! I don't mind telling you I could n't have done better myself."

"Is n't there too much of it?" said Cliff, trying to conceal his gratification.

"I don't see that there is. You tell how you came by the dog, and it 's right to say something of the trouble you had in hunting him, and to let Mr. Barnum know that you would like to keep him. No!" said Mr. Chantry, emphatically; "I don't find anything in it to alter; and now we 'll see to posting it in time for the noon mail."

"I think I 'd better not seal it till Quint sees it," pursued Cliff, "since it 's his affair as much as mine."

"You are right, my boy — right in every particular!" said his father, quite forgetting that jeering habit of his by which, without ever seriously intending it, he had embittered for his children so many occasions when a single kindly word would have made them happy.

Quint came in soon after, and, being shown the letter, remarked:

"That 's judgment! I don't see how it could be better — unless I had written it myself."

The two boys went together to mail it in the village; which done, Cliff drew a long breath, exclaiming:

"Now to wait for an answer! We are pretty sure none will come to-day or to-morrow, but after that Sparkler may be sent for at any time. It makes me feel blue to think of it."

"You ought to show off his tricks once more," Quint suggested. "I 'd like to have my folks see him. And why not ask in a few friends?"

"I 'll do it! I 'll do it this very evening!" Cliff exclaimed. "Come over early, and bring along as many as you like. I 'll try to have him in good condition — only a little hungry, so he sha'n't go back on us."

The entertainment took place in the Chantry sitting-room, with doors closed, and only screened windows open, and it proved delightfully successful. Quint's father and mother and sister were present, and there were, besides, a few boys of the neighborhood (Dick Swan

and Ike Ingalls among them), who regarded the invitations as precious favors.

Sparkler performed his tricks, some of them over and over again, with a charming alertness that won all hearts, and made the children more than ever unwilling to part with him. During the rests between, and afterward, Cliff and Quint, in response to many questions, gave a most diverting account of their adventures, with many details which Cliff had omitted from his previous narrative.

To Mr. Chantry, who sat quietly rocking and stroking his whiskers, what was most gratifying in this part of the entertainment was the generous forwardness each boy showed in attributing the chief credit of their exploit to his companion. For of what value, after all, are victories won and prizes gained, unless the character be at the same time enriched?

Sunday was a day of delicious rest to both our Biddicut boys; and Monday, fortunately, found them ready to renew their adventure.

No letter came from Mr. Barnum, but early in the forenoon a messenger-boy from the village brought a yellowish-brown envelope, which he displayed as, with pretended ignorance, he inquired for Clifford Chantry.

"What is it?" cried Cliff, running to receive it.

"It 's a telegram," replied the boy, holding it behind him. "Who is Mr. Clifford Chantry, anyway, and where can I find the gentleman?"

"No fooling, Bob Elden!" said Cliff, pouncing upon the messenger, capturing the envelope, and tearing it open.

It contained a telegraphic blank, dated at Bridgeport, and filled out thus:

Deliver dog to Barnum's Circus, at Worcester to-day, or at Springfield to-morrow. Reward and expenses will be paid.

P. T. Barnum.

Cliff was reading this message in a highly excited state of mind when Quint arrived, having immediately followed the messenger-boy, who, as he passed the Whistler premises, had yelled out the startling news that he carried a despatch for Cliff.

All the Chantry household quickly gathered to hear and to discuss the momentous intelligence; and Mr. Chantry observed:

"The dog should go to-day, for you 'll have so much farther to take him to-morrow. Now, which of you boys will go? Or shall I go in your place?" he asked quizzically.

"We 'll both go!" said Cliff and Quint, speaking together.

"That 's just the answer I expected," Mr. Chantry replied, laughing humorously. "And it 's my opinion the sooner you start the better, for I don't know about the railroad connections."

Quint hastened home to put on suitable clothes, and to be rejoined by Cliff on his way with Sparkler to the station. Cliff also prepared himself for a possible interview with the great showman, and led Sparkler out from the shed by the cord, from which he had ventured to remove the wire. All the family followed him to the gate, the parents to give him good advice, and the children to pat and hug for the last time the wonderful quadruped.

"Let me go and see him off! Can't I?" pleaded Trafton.

"Me too!" cried Amos.

The granting of the request made Susie wish she was a boy, that she might claim the same privilege.

The three Chantry boys were joined by Quint as they passed the Whistler house; and as they went on, other village boys ran out to swell the procession, the surprising report having spread that Cliff had received a despatch from the great Barnum, and that he and Quint were on their way to return the dog to the circus at Worcester — an event that made the envious youngsters wish Winslow would come along with more trick-dogs, of which they might become the purchasers.

The two partners, with their captive, did not have long to wait for the train, which relieved them of their too noisy and officious host of friends, and soon set them down at the Junction. There they had to wait for another train; and they had still one more change of cars to

make, and then a ride which seemed interminable to their impatience, before they alighted at the station in Worcester.

XXXV.

HOW THE BOYS WENT TO THE CIRCUS.

MANY people were getting out of the cars, evidently bound for the same destination as the two boys from Biddicut. Some climbed into omnibuses and wagons in waiting; others set off rapidly on foot.

"Shall we walk?" said Cliff. "We 've only to follow the crowd."

"Since our expenses are to be paid, I rather think we can afford to ride," replied Quint, as they approached a wagon bearing a placard inscribed:

CIRCUS GROUNDS — 10 CENTS.

They had already discussed the question, whether the word in the despatch meant that expenses would be paid for as many as might come with the dog, and had decided that it could n't be strictly so construed. But they felt that their business was important, and that a little lavishness of expenditure would therefore be justifiable. Cliff took Sparkler in his arms, and, climbing to a seat in the wagon, made him lie down between his knees; Quint took the only other vacant place; and they were soon passing the throngs of pedestrians in their rapid course to the circus grounds.

Cliff's bosom swelled mightily at sight of the great white tents, the swaying flags, and the converging crowds, with the blue dome of a perfect summer sky arching over all. He turned to see if Quint's face betrayed any unusual emotion, and Quint answered his look with a beaming smile.

They were out of the wagon almost as soon as it stopped, and found themselves in a stream of people before rows of small tents or booths containing side-shows, the venders of which were noisily advertised by hand-organs, drums, and shouting men.

Avoiding the stand of the ticket-sellers, the boys made directly to the main entrance of the circus tents. Two men were taking tickets from the throng passing between them. They hardly

noticed anybody, and observed neither our Biddicut boys nor the dog until, as one held out his hand for Cliff's ticket, he received this extraordinary greeting:

"We 've come to see Mr. Barnum — if he is here."

"He is here, or will be," replied the man. "You 'll see him when he makes his speech. Your ticket!"

"We have n't any. I —"

spectators, and of the ticket-taker himself especially, "and we have brought the dog."

The man regarded Cliff more carefully, and cast his eye down at the poor little animal shrinking from the legs of the entering crowd.

"It 's 'King Francis!'" he said to his fellow ticket-taker. "I never expected to see him again!"

He would have taken the telegram as if it had been a ticket; but Cliff kept tight hold of it, allowing him merely to glance at it.

"You should have gone to the private entrance. But all right! Dick," the man called to somebody within the tent, "here 's King Francis back again! Go with that man," he said to Cliff, and went on with his ticket-taking, which had hardly been interrupted.

Cliff passed into the tent, but Quint was stopped in attempting to follow him.

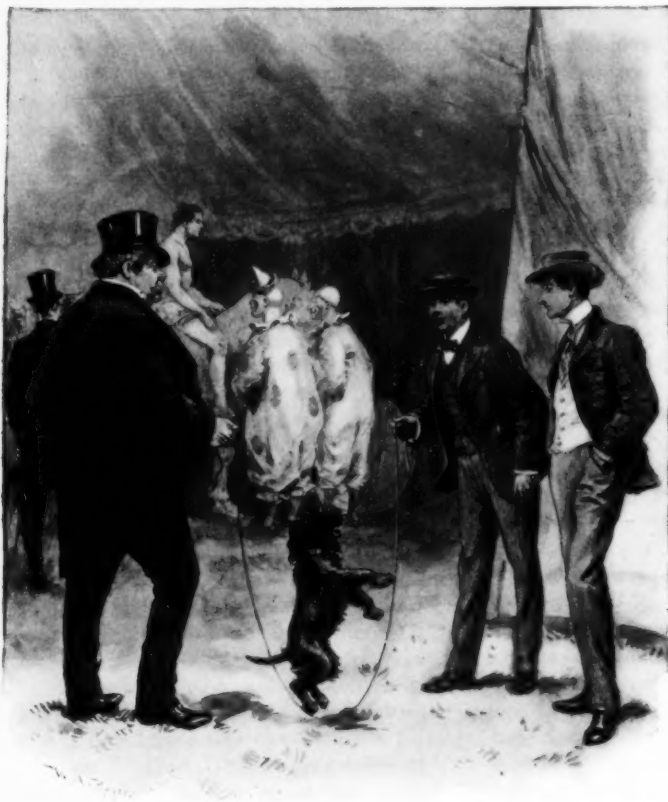
"He 's my partner!" Cliff called back, standing aside to let the crowd pass.

"He can't go in without a ticket," the man declared. "One of you is enough to go with the dog. Pass along! pass along!"

At the same time the attendant named Dick offered to take the cord from Cliff's hand; but Cliff exclaimed:

"The dog does n't go without me, and I don't go without my partner! We are here on Mr. Barnum's business, and if we can't —"

"Go in! go in!" said the ticket-taker, nodding at Quint; and Quint, laughing at the effect of Cliff's defiant words, quickly rejoined him in the tent.



"THE DOG BEGAN TO JUMP THE ROPE WITH SURPRISING EASE AND GRACEFULNESS."

"Don't come here without tickets!" exclaimed the ticket-taker sharply. "Stand aside and let the people pass!"

Cliff held his ground, with Quint close behind him.

"I have this telegram from Mr. Barnum," he cried out, to the surprise of the entering

It was a sort of vestibule to the great wild-beast show and the greater amphitheater beyond. In it were a number of living curiosities, among which the boys noticed a very tame giant stalking about, and a human mite, placed, in effective contrast with him, on a low platform from which he shouted up at every spectator who passed: "How 's the weather up where you are?"—his invariable salutation,—in a squeaking mite of a voice.

They passed in through a large circular tent redolent of wild beasts, with great iron-barred cages on either side, and a group of elephants chained, each by one foot, in the central space. There was the monarch of elephants, the mighty "Jumbo," rocking himself on his hips, and dusting himself with wisps of hay, which his huge, elastic, swinging trunk swept over his shoulders and back. Beyond were other trunks, like writhing and twisting anacondas, with open, upturned mouths, which they passed around like contribution-boxes, begging peanuts and bonbons of the spectators. In the cages were mischievous monkeys, restless hyenas walking to and fro, sleepy-looking lions, and beautiful pards and panthers, only glimpses of which could be had through the human groups pressing against the ropes, but which the boys promised themselves they would see more of before they left the show.

The attendant Dick looked down occasionally at the dog Cliff persisted in leading, and made a single remark as they passed the last of the cages:

"The old man will smile to see his pet back again!"—the "old man" being, as the boys understood, the great showman himself.

The next tent was vastly larger still; it was the "mammoth tent" of the circus performances, supported by tall masts, and hung, high overhead, with all the apparatus used by acrobats in their daring aerial feats. The benches, rising one above another from the ample ring, were rapidly filling with spectators; attendants were arranging spring-boards and laying mats for the tumblers; and the members of a band, wearing shining uniforms, and bearing shining instruments, some of prodigious size, were filing to their places. To the boys, who had never seen a great circus, there was in all this prepa-

ration an inspiring suggestiveness which filled them with wonder and joy.

Dick lifted the flap of a curtain, and ushered them into a side-tent, where a troop of athletes in costume, and two or three fantastic clowns, were gossiping together, or walking about, as if waiting for their work to begin, now and then one stepping aside to turn a handspring or a backward somerset on the grass, in mere exuberance of spirits, hardly ceasing from his talk and laughter while whirling in the air.

Past this picturesque and interesting group Dick led the boys toward a part of the tent where a full-proportioned man in a black hat and a swallow-tailed coat, standing with his back toward them, was talking with two other men, one of whom had a ring-master's whip in his hand.

The large man was speaking earnestly, and did not look around until the ring-master, seeing the boys approaching with the dog and their guide, broke out jovially:

"Ho, ho! There 's his Majesty, Mr. Barnum! King Francis has arrived!"

Thereupon the man in the swallow-tailed coat turned a full, genial face smilingly toward the boys, and snapped his thumb and finger at the dog. Sparkler had so far shown but little interest in anything he saw; but at this signal he darted forward the length of his leash, leaping up and manifesting the most joyous emotion under his real owner's caresses.

XXXVI.

AN INTERVIEW WITH THE GREAT SHOWMAN.

"YOU have got along earlier than I expected," Mr. Barnum then said, looking pleasantly at Cliff.

Cliff stood with his hat off, flushed and panting; but the showman's genial manner quickly relieved him of the embarrassment the boy felt on finding himself in his presence.

"I started as soon as I got your message," he replied. "This is my partner, Quincy Whistler. I never could have got the dog back if it had n't been for him; so I thought we 'd better both come and fetch him."

Quint also stood with his hat off, gravely smiling—a youth without blemish, except for

the bruised spot on his left temple. Cliff noticed that the showman's comprehensive glance rested for a moment on that discoloration, and hastened to explain:

"He got that in a tussle with Winslow—the man who sold me the dog. He might have got worse, for Winslow tried to draw a knife on him."

"Winslow?" queried the showman.

"That's one of the names he goes by," said Cliff, "though I don't suppose it is his real name. I've brought the bill of sale he signed when he sold me the dog"—producing the paper from his pocket.

The showman glanced his eye over it with a smile that struggled with a frown.

"I know the handwriting," he said, "and I know the man. A scapegrace, if ever there was one! You are quite right; his name is not Winslow."

"He told us—not when he sold me the dog, but after we had followed him up and caught him—he told us," said Cliff, "that he had been connected with your show."

"He told you the truth, for once," replied the showman. "I know his family—respectable Bridgeport people; for their sakes I set the fellow on his feet, when he was down, and gave him employment. He is smart enough,—he could make himself useful if he chose,—and I engaged him at a fair salary. But it was n't safe to trust him with money; so I made him sign an agreement that all but a small part of his earnings should be reserved for the payment of his debts,—chiefly debts to his own father, who has ruined himself by helping him out of scrapes. Yes,"—in answer to a question from Cliff,—“he has a good mother, a refined, intelligent woman. From his boyhood, he has given them no end of trouble."

"He told us he was hardly more than a boy even now,—not yet twenty-two," said Cliff.

"He is twenty-four years old," said the showman. "I'd like to retain this,"—taking the bill of sale and putting it into his pocket. "He might have kept his place in my show, but he became dissatisfied with the arrangement, and demanded his wages, cash in hand.

Knowing he would squander every dollar I gave him, I refused—for his own good and his family's, as he knew very well. He was intolerably conceited; he imagined 'the Greatest Show on Earth' could n't be run without his assistance. I promptly dispelled that illusion; he became impertinent, and disappeared with the dog."

"He gave us that part of the story pretty straight," observed Quint.

The showman regarded him with friendly interest, remarking:

"He's a reckless fellow; but I should hardly have supposed he would attempt to draw a knife on you."

"I was a little too quick for him; but his intentions were good," said Quint, with a smile.

"Instead of getting out his knife, my partner tripped him so suddenly he pulled out this, and dropped it," said Cliff, exhibiting the name-plate. "I picked it up afterward, and that's the way I came to know who was the real owner of the dog."

"That certainly resembles my name!" laughed the showman. After a little further talk with the boys, mainly about the frequent selling of the dog, he asked: "Have you seen any of his tricks?"

"Winslow showed us some of them," replied Cliff, "and I made him perform them afterward."

"Did he show you this? Take hold of that end of the cord."

It was the cord which another attendant (Dick had disappeared) took from Sparkler's collar. Cliff held an end of it, the showman swung it by the other end, and at a word the dog, running in, began to jump the rope with surprising ease and gracefulness.

"I wish I had known he could do that!" Cliff exclaimed admiringly. "Would n't it have pleased our folks!"—turning to Quint, who smiled amused assent.

"Here's another very pretty performance."

The showman tossed aside the cord, and reached for a drum brought by the attendant. He requested Cliff to hold one side of it, while he held the other, facing him, and raising the drum about three feet from

the ground. At a word Sparkler made a swift dash and leaped straight through it, bursting both drumheads, with a double explosion, and landing on the turf beyond. The drumheads, as the boys perceived, were of paper.

Mr. Barnum then asked the boys a few questions about their adventure, and laughed heartily at the amusing parts of it.

"Have you seen a notice of the reward offered? I am having it posted now with the show-bills, and I've had it sent to a few country papers."

"I have n't seen it," Cliff replied; "I don't know anything about any reward, except what you said in your telegram."

Mr. Barnum was opening a long, well-filled pocket-book.

"I offered a moderate sum—forty dollars. Then, there are your expenses. Of course I meant your expenses bringing the dog from Biddicut; but I think, with all the trouble you've had, I ought to allow ten dollars on the expense account. Then, there's the money you paid for the dog—ten dollars more. Besides, there are two of you, and I am glad to get King Francis back at any price. How's this? Satisfactory?"

And he put into Cliff's hand six ten-dollar bank-notes.

"Oh, Mr. Barnum!" Cliff exclaimed, completely overcome by such unexpected munificence. "Forty dollars is enough—more than we expected! You need n't say anything about the expenses. And I forgot—I meant to tell you—Winslow gave me back *that* ten dollars."

"So much the better!" said the showman, smiling in hearty enjoyment of the surprise and pleasure he was able to afford two such honest-minded youths. "It is thirty dollars apiece. I think you have earned it; and if you are the sort of boys I take you for, a little nest-egg like that is n't going to do you any harm."

"It's a small fortune to us!" said Cliff, with glistening eyes. "Here, Quint! you must take charge of your share,"—dividing the money on the spot. "I am afraid to have so much money about me!"

"Well, thanks! and good fortune to you!" said the showman, holding out both hands to the boys.

"Oh! *we* thank *you*, Mr. Barnum!" replied Cliff. "I suppose I must say good-by to Sparkler, too; that's the only thing I am sorry for now. Sparkler is n't his name?" he said, looking up, as he gave the dog a parting caress.

"King Francis is the only name we know him by." Mr. Barnum then said: "Did you ever see my show?"

"Never; but we have always wanted to," said Cliff, with shining eyes.

The attendant who had carried away the drum now returned with two packages looking like books in wrappers. Mr. Barnum said, as he took them:

"Show these young men to the best reserved seats there are left." Then, presenting a package to each of the boys: "This is the story of my life. I hope you will find it instructive, and that your interest in it will not be lessened by the fact that you have seen and talked with the writer."

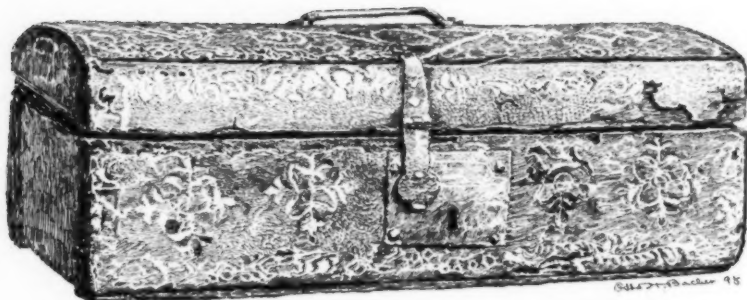
Cliff was stammering his thanks, when Quint in a low voice said something in his ear which the showman overheard.

"Write my autograph in the books? Certainly, if you wish it. Go to your places now, and I will send them around to you before the show is over."

The proud parade of the Roman hippodrome, with its horses and chariots and solemn elephants, glorious banners glittering and trumpets braying, was making its stately circuit of the triple-winged arena when the boys reëntered the great tent. Then, as they mounted to the places to which the attendant guided them, with opulence in their pockets and exultation in their hearts, the sonorous, brazen measures of the band burst forth, rivaling in sound the majestic movement and gorgeous colors of the pompous procession of the performers.

"Is n't this grand?" said Cliff, his face beaming as with the light of victory.

"It's judgmatical!" replied Quint, with a high and haughty smile.



THE STAMP-ACT BOX.

BY DAVID WALKER WOODS, JR.

LOOKING over some deeds the other day, I noticed that on most of them were several stamps ranging in value from ten cents to ten dollars. Every boy who has a stamp-album knows that these are revenue-stamps which represent a tax imposed by the United States government in order to raise money to carry on the war for the Union. Very few people in the North objected to this tax, for they were supporting the Union soldiers and the government at Washington.

But these stamps remind us of two other wars with which stamps had much to do. During our war for the Union the stamps were sold to raise money to resist and put down rebellion. The other wars were wars against unjust taxation, and this taxation was represented by the stamps. In one case rebellion produced the stamps; in the other two cases the stamps produced rebellion.

One of these latter wars is now going on in Cuba. Perhaps my readers already know that the Cubans complained of the taxes of the Spanish government. Every merchant in Cuba had to have the pages of his account-books marked with a government stamp fixed there by an inspector who examined the books every three months or oftener. Every shopkeeper

had to pay a tax for each letter or the sign over his door. These things cost a great deal of money. If the money were used in Cuba, and for the benefit of the Cubans, perhaps they would not have resisted the tax. But most of it, the Cubans say, went to Spain; they also claim that the little that remained in Cuba was used to pay Spanish officials and soldiers who oppressed the Cubans.

The war in Cuba is very much like the American Revolution, in which our forefathers rebelled against the British government. Most of us think of the Revolution as beginning with the victory of the "Minutemen" at Concord in 1775. It really began in 1765, and was marked by a victory in 1766. In 1765 the British government passed the Stamp Act, which obliged the Americans to put stamps on their deeds and other legal papers and to pay for stamps placed on British goods. The Americans resisted this by refusing to buy British goods. Lawyers refused to put the stamps on their papers, and ladies gave up wearing dresses of English cloth, and wore homespun gowns.

The men went further. In Boston they made an effigy of the stamp-collector Oliver, to which they tied a boot, in ridicule of Lord

Bute, the British minister. These were placed on a bier, and then burned in front of Oliver's house.

In New York the men broke into the governor's coach-house, took out his coach, on which they put a stuffed figure, and burned both coach and effigy in front of the governor's residence. Finally, things came to such a pass that the British government repealed the Stamp Act, and that was the colonists' first victory. The repeal papers were sent over in a little wooden box covered with leather.

Ten years later this box fell into the hands of a member of the Continental Congress who was also a signer of the Declaration of Independence. After the war he gave it to his wife, who gave it to her daughter, and she probably used to keep her gloves and ribbons in it. It happens that this daughter was my grandmother, and that is how the box came into our family. It occurred to me that readers of *ST. NICHOLAS* might like to see a picture of this relic.

If you could see the box, you would find that the leather and the wood are full of little holes. They were made by insects, which

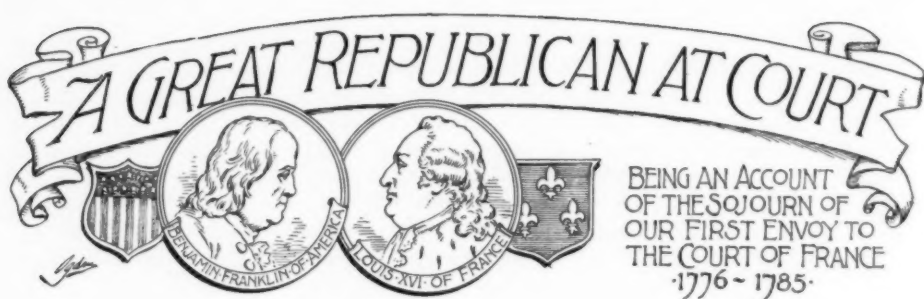
might have destroyed the box. But it has been saturated with a strong chemical which we hope will save it for many years. In the second picture you are looking down at the top of the box. The little brass handle by which it was carried lies upon the letters "G. R.," which stand for Georgius Rex, that is, King George. Above the letters is a crown, and below you can read the words, "Stamp Act R'p'd, March 18, 1766." The letters and the figures which ornament the box are in gilt.

This box is a trophy of a victory against unjust taxation. But all true men of that day thought of something more than money and taxes. They believed in uprightness and honor and truth. It is the duty of a government to do justice, and this was well understood by John Witherspoon, who gave an ancestor of mine the Stamp-Act Box. It is very well to have a strong navy and a strong army; but it is well also to remember the words of Witherspoon of the Continental Congress on the true nature of national strength:

"He who makes a people virtuous makes them invincible"—that is, the true strength of a nation is uprightness.



Old 7-10-18 95.



BY H. A. OGDEN.

WHEN Dr. Benjamin Franklin stood before the monarch of France in 1778, it must have seemed to him the exact fulfilment of a prophecy; for it is said that, when a poor little boy, his father used to repeat to him Solomon's proverb: "Seest thou a man diligent in his business? he shall stand before kings."

Of course, like most remarkable events that happen in this world, it seemed to come about very naturally. After the signing of the Declaration of Independence, that first great step toward making us a free people, Congress decided to send a special envoy to the French court, in order to enlist their aid in our struggle for freedom.

Their choice fell on their ablest and most patriotic member — upon him who had been one of the originators of the Declaration, and who, on signing his name, made the witty remark: "Now, gentlemen, we must hang together, if we would not hang separately."

On October 26, 1776, with his two grandsons, William Temple Franklin, a youth of seventeen, and little Benjamin Franklin Bache, his daughter's boy, of seven, the old Doctor set sail in the sloop-of-war "Reprisal," one of the swiftest craft of our infant navy.

Temple, the older boy, was still at school, and his grandfather's intention was to place him in one of the universities of France or Germany to finish his studies. What little Benjamin did has not been related; but we may be sure that the companionship and care of so wise and kindly a grandfather was as profitable to the boy as any schooling.

The voyage was a stormy one, with a con-

tinuous November gale nearly all the way. Although the Doctor had made eight voyages, he suffered more discomfort than ever before; but no matter how rough or stormy, whether sick or well, true to his desire for knowledge and discovery, he every day took the temperature of the Gulf Stream, of which very little was then known, and brushed up his French, just as many of us do nowadays when we make the same voyage. On the way they were more than once chased by British cruisers, and each time the sloop's deck was cleared for action. When near their journey's end they captured two vessels, or prizes, as they called them; for the Reprisal, though a little craft, was a war-ship, and her captain, Hammond, was a valiant officer and brave fighter.

They came at last to anchor, five weeks after their start, in Quiberon Bay, off the coast of Brittany; and the Franklins, taking a fisherman's boat, were put ashore at Auray, on December 3. Sending to the near-by city of Vannes for a post-chaise, they arrived the next day at Nantes, where a grand banquet was held in honor of the American envoy, tidings of his arrival having preceded him. He was then over seventy years of age, and his fame as a printer, editor, inventor, philosopher, and statesman (for the old gentleman was a many-sided genius), was well established. The learned societies of the civilized globe were proud to enroll his name among their members; the French people, from the nobles down to the servants, all were familiar with his quaint and witty sayings, as translated from "Poor Richard's Almanac," as well as with his love of liberty and his broad sympathy

with his fellow-men. Silas Deane, the agent of the American Congress, then living in Paris, afterward said: "Here is the hero, philosopher, and patriot who, at the age of seventy-four, risks all dangers for his country."

To show that the enemy fully realized his power as an advocate for the cause of independence, the Marquis of Rockingham, one of King George the Third's advisers, remarked that he considered "the presence of Dr. Franklin at the French court more than a balance for the few additional acres which the English had gained by the conquest of Manhattan Island." This was said not long after the battle of Brooklyn, whereby General Howe had secured possession of New York.

Shortly after his arrival in Paris, the Doctor was invited to make his home at Passy, then one of the little towns outside of the city, although now it is inside of the fortifications. Here, on a hill overlooking the river Seine as it flows past villages, châteaux, and palaces, stood the Mansion Valentino, the owner of which insisted on Franklin's sharing his apartments

Doctor went, crowds followed him; he was cheered in the streets or at the opera; his sayings were quoted; and engravings, miniatures, medals, snuff-box lids, and souvenirs were made to bear his kindly features. He wrote home to little Benjamin's mother that they had "made her father's face"—by which, of course, he meant his own—"as well known as that of the moon."

In fact, he became "the rage." We all wanted to see China's great statesman and viceroy, Li Hung Chang, when he visited us recently; his reputation for ability and suavity, his odd ways and novel dress, all interested us. In a similar way, Franklin was a curiosity to the people of the Old World. He always dressed plainly; and his hair, which was gray and quite thin, was not concealed by a wig, though he often wore a fur cap, pulled down nearly to his spectacle-rims.

Ignorant people whispered that he was a wizard, engaged in separating the colonies from England by means of his magic spells. All showed their admiration of his attainments; but



"THE MESSENGER CRIED, 'GENERAL BURGOWNE AND HIS WHOLE ARMY ARE PRISONERS OF WAR!'" (SEE PAGE 778.)

with him without cost, saying, "If your country is successful in the war, and your Congress will grant me a small piece of land, perhaps I may take that as payment." Wherever the

amid all of the compliments paid him and the extravagant attentions he received, he remained the simple-minded, plain republican, ever keeping in mind his country's trials and her need.

The court of France, while friendly and willing to aid us as it could, was not as yet ready to acknowledge our independence, and by so doing to provoke a conflict with Great

time stands Lafayette's generous offer of money, arms, and his life, if need be, without promise of rank or reward; but the French government still withheld its aid, waiting for some decided

victory to prove to the nations of Europe that the united colonies stood some chance of winning their liberty.

During this winter of darkness for freedom's cause, Franklin must play his part in the gay world of Paris. To make friends for our country was his constant aim; her enemies he defied, and everywhere he expressed his certainty of the final triumph of America in the struggle.

We have all heard of the phrase, "These are the times that try men's souls." These words were used at just this time by Thomas Paine, who wrote a series of articles on the American war. For, while it was dark indeed on our side of the ocean, it seemed also as if no nation abroad would help us. Franklin sent his associates, Lee and Deane, to the courts of Spain and Prussia for aid, but neither was disposed to take the first step.



"IT IS NOT THAT THE WIG IS TOO SMALL: IT IS THAT YOUR HEAD IS TOO LARGE!" (SEE PAGE 778.)

Britain. The war, thus far, had gone against us; news of the one bright ray in the gloom — Washington's victory at Trenton — had taken five months to reach France, so difficult was it to escape from the British cruisers watching our coasts.

Some muskets and a private loan of \$400,000 were secured, and single volunteers were plenty. To fight for America became with the young French nobles what nowadays we should call a "fad." Franklin was besieged by requests to be officers in our army, or for letters of recommendation to Congress, and he was at his wits' end to refuse with kindness, so that he should not make promises of rank that he could not fulfil.

In contrast to many of these requests at this

Diplomacy among nations is often a tedious and selfish proceeding. Meanwhile the Doctor did what he could toward arming ships and making easier the lot of prisoners of war abroad. As to the ships, he was somewhat successful, and was gratified by his success; for he was eager to give England some of the treatment the colonies had received from her men-of-war.

All of these matters kept the Envoy very busy — so much so, that his grandson Temple was obliged to act as his secretary, and the idea of his going to a university was given up. At last came the sunshine through the clouds, for the Wise Providence that guides the affairs of nations as well as of men brought about the surrender of Burgoyne and his army in October, 1777, after the battle of Saratoga.



"AT A BRILLIANT FÊTE GIVEN IN FRANKLIN'S HONOR, HE WAS CROWNED WITH LAUREL."

The news was despatched with all haste to our representatives abroad. Massachusetts sent the glad tidings by special messenger, a young Mr. Austin. Before his departure, a prayer was offered from the pulpit of a church in Boston—the minister, it is said, being so absorbed in praying especially that the despatches might be delivered that he made no mention of the messenger!

In a little over a month, however, both messenger and packet arrived in Paris, and the scene when he drove into the courtyard of the Hôtel Valentinois was a memorable one.

Our representatives had received word of his landing, but knew nothing of the nature of his news. As the chaise dashed up to the group around the door, and the messenger alighted, Dr. Franklin grasped his hand, exclaiming:

"Sir, is Philadelphia taken?"

"Yes, sir," was Austin's reply.

Then the old statesman wrung his hands in disappointment and had begun to return in sadness to the house when the messenger cried:

"But, sir, I have greater news than *that*! General Burgoyne and his whole army are prisoners of war!"

Temple carried the news to the French prime minister, the Comte de Vergennes, and a few days later a private interview took place at Versailles.

About a year from the landing of Franklin on the coast of France, his errand to that nation was accomplished. She became the ally of the American colonies, and thus was the first to welcome the United States into the circle of nations.

A main condition of the treaty was that we should not make peace with Great Britain unless our independence was recognized—a condition to which our representatives gladly agreed.

Our new ally's first act was to send a frigate carrying M. Gérard, a special envoy to Congress, with tidings of the treaty. He was received with great honor, and joy filled all patriot hearts. On February 6, 1778, the treaty was officially signed by Benjamin Franklin, Silas Deane, and Arthur Lee, on the part of the United States. The signing was followed by the important ceremony of being received

by the king in person. As no one in those days ever thought of being presented to a monarch of France with his head uncovered by a wig, Dr. Franklin ordered one for the occasion. The hair-dresser, or *perruquier*, as he was called, brought the all-important article, and proceeded to try it on; but try as he would, he could not force it down over Franklin's head. After several trials, the Doctor said:

"Perhaps it is too small!" Dashing the wig to the floor in a rage, the *perruquier* cried, "It is impossible, monsieur! No, monsieur! it is *not* that the wig is too small; it is that your head is too large!"

As there was no time to remedy the misfit, the Doctor decided to go before the King without a wig. Therefore it was without a wig, or even a sword,—considered an indispensable article of a gentleman's dress in those days,—but in a plain black velvet suit, with ruffles at the neck and wrists, white silk stockings, and silver-buckled shoes, that our great republican drove to the palace of Versailles. On the morning of the 20th of March, 1778, accompanied by his fellow-envoys, Dr. Franklin was ushered into the presence of his majesty King Louis XVI. of France. After the formal introduction, the monarch expressed himself as well disposed toward his new ally, and gracefully complimented the tact that Franklin had displayed during his sojourn in the capital and among the French people.

In the evening, during the games that the court were engaged in, the Queen, Marie-Antoinette, conversed with Franklin in her own charming and gracious manner. His wit, fascinating conversation, and sound common sense attracted the admiration of the gay and frivolous court, and he was lionized by all.

At a brilliant fête given in his honor, he was crowned with laurel by one of three hundred young ladies. The old statesman accepted all these attentions modestly, considering them as offered, through him, to his native land.

During the rest of his visit to France, Franklin's life was filled with solicitude for his native land; but now, by the authority of the French king, armies and fleets were sent, by the help of which we were finally able to capture Cornwallis and secure our independence.

At length, weary and ill, Franklin asked for his recall; he had signed the treaty of peace with England, thus crowning his mission with success. So in March, 1785, after nearly nine years' residence abroad, Congress was pleased to declare that "the Honorable Benjamin Franklin,

And it was true; for no American could have surpassed Benjamin Franklin in the patience, cheerfulness, and wise statesmanship with which he had carried out the mission his struggling country had entrusted to him.

In honor he left France, in honor America



FRANKLIN AND HIS YOUNG RELATIVES IN THE STREETS OF PARIS.

Esquire, was permitted to return to America." His fellow-signer of the Declaration, and afterward our President, Thomas Jefferson, had been chosen to succeed him as minister to the French court.

"You replace Dr. Franklin, I hear," the King's minister is reported to have said.

"I succeed — no one can *replace* him," was Jefferson's witty and truthful reply.

welcomed him. On his departure, the King gave to the great republican a miniature portrait set in diamonds; the Queen lent her own litter to convey the venerable diplomat to the sea-coast, for old age and hard work had brought pain and exhaustion to his formerly vigorous constitution.

So on the 12th of July, with Temple, who was now a promising young man, and Benja-

min, a big lad of sixteen, Franklin left the home at Passy, in the street still called by his name, and, jogging easily along at the rate of about eighteen miles a day, reached the ship that was to bear them home. At Portsmouth, in England, the compliment was paid the party of omitting the custom-house examination—a courtesy rare in those days. His old

friends in England, from whom the war had parted him, hastened with their greetings, and to bid him "God speed!" For this was to be the last voyage of one of the greatest of Americans. The adieus were made at evening, the old Doctor retired to his cabin for rest, and when he awoke the next morning the ship was far on her voyage to his loved native land.

"CAPTAIN CRACKERS" AND THE MONITOR.

BY ELLICOTT McCONNELL.

HARRY's father was a lieutenant at the navy-yard, just the place for boys to have a good time in; and "Captain Crackers," as the mischievous little five-year-old was called, made the best of his opportunities. After breakfast, one day, the lieutenant went across the yard to superintend the docking of a cruiser, while his wife went to town, leaving Captain Crackers to his own devices. He found a fine pile of cannonballs piled up in the most beautiful fashion—ever so many at the bottom, and no room at the top for any more. He gazed upon them admiringly, and tried to roll them down; but they were too big and heavy for him. Then he scurried away toward the marine barracks, for he wanted to see guard-mount, a spectacle he always greatly enjoyed. "First call" had just sounded, so Captain Crackers scrambled up on a window-sill of the barrack-room to watch the blue-coated marines put on their uniforms. In his haste he managed to upset a couple of potted plants which Sergeant Flynn had nursed like so many babies.

"Git out o' that, ye young monkey, or I 'll shuff ye into me ould Springfield, and fire ye across the river, ye young tarrier!" vociferated that indignant soldier, knowing all the time that K. Company, with himself at its head, would swarm out of barracks with belts and rifle-slugs to make short work of anybody who dared to touch the "pet of the yard."

Having distinguished himself enough for once, Crackers toddled away toward where

half a dozen old monitors were moored in the back-water around at the other side of the yard. But while he was in the very act of crossing, who should appear but the admiral, the governor of the yard! Here was a state of affairs! Crackers had often heard the grim old sailor referred to as "an old fire-eater." Of course that meant some kind of a dragon, and everybody knows that dragons like to eat fat little boys. So Crackers scuttled behind a big box of chain-cable until the old gentleman had passed. Of course Sergeant Flynn would n't allow the admiral to hurt him very much, but the barracks were a long way off, and the admiral looked as if he could run very fast, even with a little boy under his arm.

When this danger was safely passed, he scrambled aboard one of the monitors, looked admiringly at the big bowl-shaped dents in the turret, then gazed down into the dark hold, and after a few minutes walked around the turret, where he found one of the big guns with about three feet of its muzzle projecting outside the port. Into the big black tube he peered inquiringly. "It looks very dark," he thought; "perhaps it 's loaded"; and he backed away. "I will creep in and see," said he. Scrambling up on a big square chain-box, in he went, feet foremost. But when in about his own length he managed to get his arms bent under his chest, and there he stuck! Here was a dreadful situation. The gun was certainly loaded; at sunset it might be fired, and he would go sail-

ing through the air straight for the barracks. Would n't Sergeant Flynn be surprised when he saw him! Then Crackers was really fright-

mournfully. What would mama and papa and the sergeant do without him?

Dinner-time came,—he heard the bugle,—



"AFTER A GENTLE PULL, OUT HE CAME, VERY RUSTY, AND COVERED WITH GREASE." (SEE NEXT PAGE.)

ened, and called loudly for help. But his cries were muffled in the hard, brown tube. The big old gun was trying to kill him, he thought. It was just like such a big, blundering old thing to pick a fight with such a little boy! So he rested his forehead on the cold, greasy steel, and cried

and in fifteen minutes the yard was humming with searchers for the lost boy.

"Where *can* he be?" said mama.

"Give it up," answered papa. "He never cuts the same caper twice. Let me see what he has done so far"; and the lieutenant counted up

Captain Crackers's exploits. "He has tumbled from the anchor-rack, rolled off the shot-heaps, fallen into the dry-dock, besides getting lost in the ordnance-building cellar. The monitors are the only thing he has n't had any trouble with. Of course he is aboard one of them—probably lost in the coal-bunkers, for he has on a white duck suit."

Immediately papa ran down to the monitors, jumped aboard the nearest one, and whistled loudly.

A little cry answered his whistle, and soon the faint, smothered squeaks guided him to the muzzle of the big gun. Lighting a match, he could see a little smut-stained, oily face peering at him out of the darkness of the great gun's bore.

"What are you doing there? Do you think

you are a solid shot, or a sponge staff? Come out of that, you young pirate," said his father, while half a dozen sailors and marines grinned behind him.

"I can't get out," announced Captain Crackers, dolefully. "My arms are all tangled up. I can't even rub my nose—there is a mosquito biting it"; and he snorted loudly, trying to scare away the persistent insect.

In a few seconds a boat-hook was found, hooked into the collar of his jacket, and after a gentle pull, out he came, very rusty, and covered with grease.

After that the admiral had large wooden plugs, called tompions, put in the muzzles of all the big guns; for he said it would ruin his reputation if it came to be reported that he was using his officers' children for gun-wadding.



THE MARINE BAND.

DOROTHY'S PLAYMATES.

BY PAULINE FRANCES CAMP.



LITTLE quaint Maid Dorothy,
Kept in by a shower,
Had a troop of playmates wee,
Come to spend an hour.

Some were gowned in silken sheen,
Some in simple cotton;
Every shade from red to green —
If I 've not forgotten.

Here a rosy-tinted gown,
Close by, one in yellow;
There, in sober russet-brown,
Stood a sturdy fellow.

One, the biggest, at the head
Of the pretty cluster,
Wore a coat of coarse black thread,
Like a linen duster.



Tiny twins came dressed in blue,
Three or four in sorrel;
But, although a motley crew,
I never heard a quarrel!

They played at school; all in a row
Stood the little
midgets;
Order was the
rule, and so
Not one had the
fidgets.

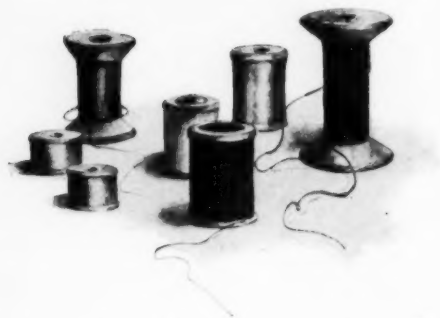


Then at "keeping house" they
played,
Not a child was naughty.
Though in richest silk arrayed,
None was proud or haughty.

"Sally Waters," too, was fun,
All around one ringing,
Like the planets round the
sun;
Dorothy sweet singing:

"Turn to east and turn to west"
(Not a chance to miss her),

"Find the one you love the best,
Then kneel down and kiss her."

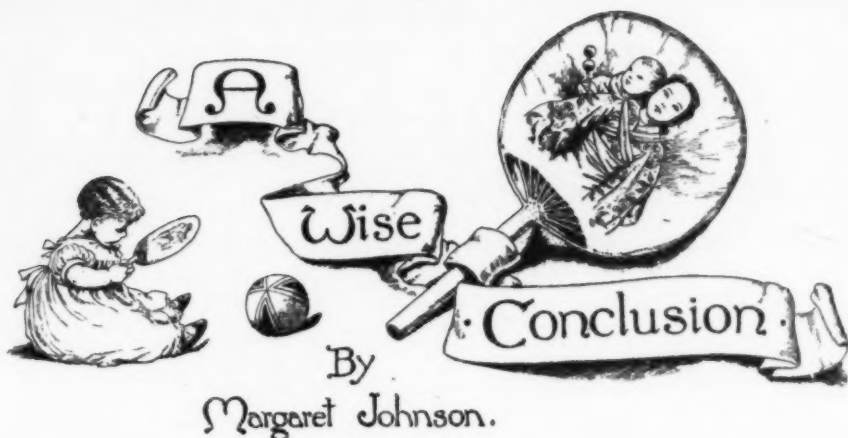


During all the hour they played
Dorothy was happy!
Not a fretful speech was made,
Not a word was snappy!



When she 'd finished with her play,
(The cloudy skies forgotten)
My little daughter put away
The spools of silk and cotton.





THE little babies in Japan,
I see by looking at this fan
Nurse left to keep me quiet,
Upon their sisters' backs are tied,
Where all day long they safely ride.
I'd rather like to try it!



It 'muses me to think, you
know,
Of being tied to
Polly so;
I wonder how *she'd*
like it!
Her tennis-ball, I
guess, would fly
Somewhere she did
n't aim, if I
Should happen just
to strike it.

I'd ride with her upon her wheel
(I've always wondered how 't would feel);
We'd jump the rope together;
And then, of course, on Saturday

She'd take me to the matinée,
Beneath her best white feather.



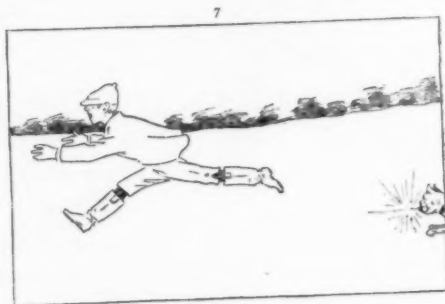
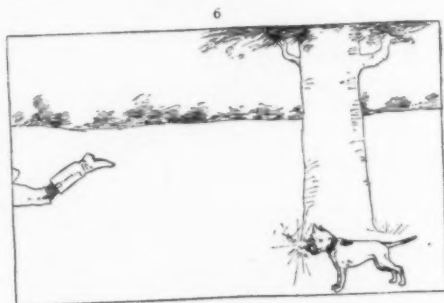
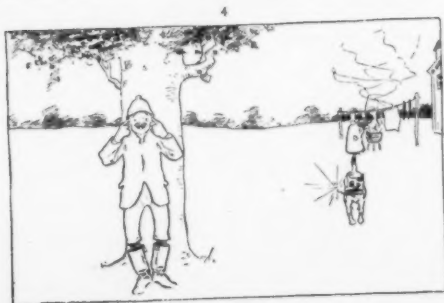
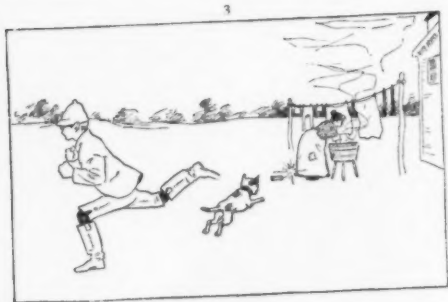
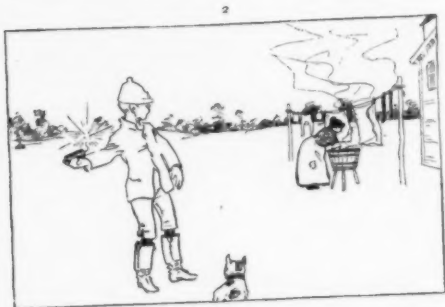
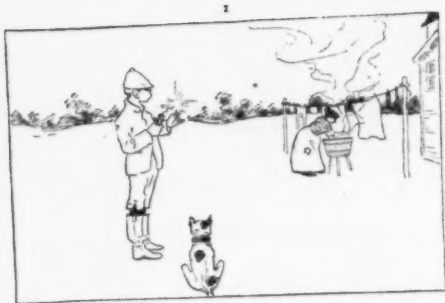
I'd have to go to school,
I s'pose;
And when she practised,
goodness knows,
I could n't stand
it, really!
And then, no chance
to crawl or creep;
And—what a
place to go
to sleep!
I do love Polly dearly,

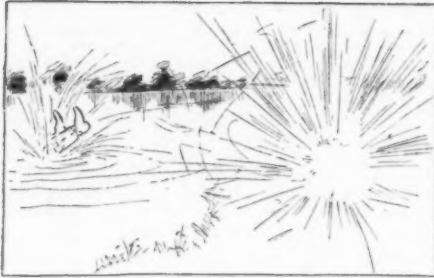
And it's a very pretty plan
For little babies—on a fan!
I s'pose they like it, maybe.
But—Some one take me on her lap!
I'm glad I'm not a little Jap,
But just a Yankee baby!



THE TOO FAITHFUL DOG.

(A Picture Story.)





A QUEER BOY.



"I saw a boy the other day
Who loved to wash his hands!
The queerest boy I ever knew!—
He dwelt in foreign lands."

Gertrude Heath.

THE LETTER-BOX.

CONTRIBUTORS are respectfully informed that between the 1st of June and the 15th of September manuscripts cannot conveniently be examined at the office of ST. NICHOLAS. Consequently, those who desire to favor the magazine with contributions will please postpone sending their MSS. until after the last-named date.

THERE are many occasions upon which Americans desire to sing Dr. Key's stirring song. Through the first stanza all is likely to go well; but after that the average group of singers will be found singing "la-la-la"!

Here is the full text of the song, and we are sure every young American will be well repaid for the slight trouble of learning the words:

THE STAR-SPANGLED BANNER.

BY FRANCIS SCOTT KEY.

Oh! say, can you see by the dawn's early light
What so proudly we hailed at the twilight's last gleaming?

Whose broad stripes and bright stars through the perilous fight,

O'er the ramparts we watched, were so gallantly streaming!

And the rockets' red glare, the bombs bursting in air,
Gave proof through the night that our flag was still there.

Oh! say, does that star-spangled banner yet wave
O'er the land of the free and the home of the brave?

On that shore, dimly seen through the mists of the deep,

Where the foe's haughty host in dread silence reposes,

What is that which the breeze, o'er the towering steep,

As it fitfully blows, half conceals, half discloses?
Now it catches the gleam of the morning's first beam;
In full glory reflected, now shines on the stream;
'Tis the star-spangled banner; oh, long may it wave
O'er the land of the free and the home of the brave!

And where is that band who so vauntingly swore
That the havoc of war and the battle's confusion
A home and a country should leave us no more?

Their blood has washed out their foul footsteps' pollution.

No refuge could save the hireling and slave
From the terror of flight or the gloom of the grave;
And the star-spangled banner in triumph doth wave
O'er the land of the free and the home of the brave!

Oh! thus be it ever when freemen shall stand
Between their loved homes and the war's desolation!
Blessed with victory and peace, may the heaven-rescued land

Praise the power that hath made and preserved us a nation.

Then conquer we must, for our cause it is just;
And this be our motto: "In God is our trust."
And the star-spangled banner in triumph shall wave
O'er the land of the free and the home of the brave!

THE names of characters from Shakspeare's plays concealed in the puzzle "On Deck," published in ST. NICHOLAS for June, are as follows:

1. Goneril; 2. Siward; 3. Ferdinand; 4. Antenor; 5. Iago; 6. Cominius; 7. Claudius; 8. Moth; 9. Benedick;

10. Portia; 11. Thisbe; 12. Oliver; 13. Nym; 14. Hamlet; 15. Touchstone; 16. Hortensio; 17. Elinor; 18. Regan; 19. Speed; 20. Agrippa; 21. Robin; 22. Menas; 23. Theseus; 24. Elbow; 25. Titania; 26. Ariel; 27. Oberon; 28. Lear; 29. Pistol; 30. Adam; 31. Baptista; 32. Paulina; 33. Isabella; 34. Isabel; 35. Antony; 36. Romeo; 37. Antonio; 38. Jaques; 39. Ophelia; 40. Othello; 41. Desdemona; 42. Messala; 43. Beatrice; 44. Casca; 45. Cato; 46. Grumio; 47. Shallow; 48. Philostrate; 49. Quince; 50. Duncan; 51. Bottom; 52. Bardolph; 53. Dorcas; 54. Leonato; 55. Eleanor; 56. Paris; 57. Iras; 58. Pedro; 59. Charman; 60. Snug; 61. Froth; 62. Saturninus; 63. Miranda; 64. Gratiano; 65. Orlando; 66. Jessica; 67. Mopsa; 68. Tubal; 69. Lysander; 70. Orsino; 71. Hero; 72. Shylock; 73. Leontes; 74. Laertes; 75. Heate; 76. Flute; 77. Viola; 78. Rosalind; 79. Amiens; 80. Macbeth; 81. Sly; 82. Celia; 83. Caliban; 84. Banquo; 85. Virgilia; 86. Cordelia; 87. Phebe; 88. Taurus; 89. Imogen; 90. Horatio; 91. Solinus; 92. Hermia; 93. Achilles.

GOLDMAN, LA.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: My sister receives you and I read you with delight. My big brother is off at school, and next year I hope to go also.

I have sent for a typewriter, and am going to learn to write on it, as I might have some need of it when I get to be a man.

We live near the "Father of Waters," as they call the Mississippi. Very often we see large steamboats passing when we go after the mail.

Your interested reader, JAMES M. ADAMS.

STRONE, ARGYLL, N. B.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: Strone is a small village on the Holy Loch, so named because a vessel coming into this loch from the Holy Land sunk there. It was a ship coming from Palestine, loaded with stones to build a church, that got wrecked off a bay, now called Paradise Bay. Strone is of no importance except for beautiful scenery. There are high hills here, and a great many little brooks. I am at school in Strone. We are near our examination now, and we have to work very hard. The fishing on the Holy Loch is not very good. A shark or two have been caught, and a whale has been seen, and since then the fish have become scarce. In the time of the Romans there was a great battle fought here, and the field in which it was fought was running red with blood. This battle is called the "Battle of Strone." I am very fond of fishing. I remain,

JAMES STEEL MAITLAND, aged 10 years.

P. S. We are very fond of ST. NICHOLAS.

GREAT FALLS, MONT.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: Our names are Donald and Dorothy, just like the children in Mary Mapes Dodge's beautiful story. Our mama had ST. NICHOLAS for ten years when she was a little girl, and now she takes it for us.

We have never seen a letter in your Letter-box from Great Falls, and we would like to introduce our city to ST. NICHOLAS. The most wonderful things here are the Great Falls of the Missouri, ninety-six feet high, and the Giant Spring.

Your loving readers,
DONALD and DOROTHY GIBSON.

PHILADELPHIA, PA.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I thought it might interest your readers to hear our experience in rescuing cattle from a burning barn. I live on a farm some miles from Philadelphia. We have five large barns, and it was one of these we lost last summer. About midnight we were awakened by a bright light shining through the windows. I looked out and saw flames bursting from the roof of the barn. By their light I could distinctly see the men tumbling out of their quarters and pulling on their clothes as they ran. By this time the flames had completely enveloped the barn, and as all hope of saving this was out of the question, our energies were directed solely toward rescuing the live stock.

The cows and horses were kept under the barn. Fortunately, the former had been turned loose in their yard, and we found them running wildly about, trying their best to get back into the barn! We finally succeeded in driving them through the narrow gate at the end of the yard and down into the fields. The eight horses, however, were in their stalls. The only remaining way for them to be reached was through the small windows under the barn. Two men jumped through these and began unfastening the horses. But they utterly refused to move. So the men took off their coats and shirts, and bound them over the horses' eyes. In this way they got them all out but one. He would not budge. In vain they pushed and shoved; they could not get him to turn and go through the door.

Meanwhile the smoke was stifling; the floor above already sent showers of sparks on the men and horse. One of the men could stand it no longer, so he rushed out into the air. Soon a man crawled upon his stomach to the window with a hose and sprinkled the man and horse to keep them from roasting. Strange to say, the water worked like a charm, for the horse was inspired with a new fear and bolted through the door. The man stumbled after him, and fell unconscious; and it was weeks before he was out of bed and able to limp around again, so terribly was he burned. The horse was too badly injured to be of use.

When the fire-engines arrived they directed all their attention to the other buildings, none of which caught fire, fortunately. In the morning nothing was left of our barn but a heap of ashes and stones.

Yours truly, KINGSLEY M. WHITCOMB.

BOGOTÁ, COLOMBIA, S. A.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I am a native of Barranquilla. I will begin my letter telling you about my country. Children who have never seen it would think it a very funny country, for we have no winter here, and no snow or ice. Some parts are very warm, but other parts in the mountains are cool, as it is here in Bogotá.

Money is scarce in Colombia, and often children almost kill themselves to get a few reals, or what you call ten cents. The charcoal-women carry coals about the city on their back to get about fifty cents, and they are dressed in rags, without shoes, and are very dirty. We lived in Barranquilla about five years, and it is warm there all the time, as it is in the summer in the United States. The little children go about there with very light clothes on, and no one needs very much; but here, nearly two miles above the sea-level, it is so cold that everybody needs clothes. We all talk Spanish here, but we learned English when we were on a visit in the United States, and we have taken you for three years; and when you come I hide somewhere, so that the rest won't take you away from me until I read you. I am nine years old, and I go to a Spanish school, but I learn English with Miss Scott and mama.

I have written you a long letter, but it is the first one; and maybe I will write you another.

Your affectionate reader. ELISA R. CANDOR.

We gladly print these little poems by young friends of ST. NICHOLAS:

THE LITTLE LEAF.

ONCE there was a little leaf
That hung upon a tree.
It told the branch, and told the twig,
"The wind has come for me."

And then the branch it told the tree.
The tree said, "Hold on tight."
"I will!" the little leaf exclaimed;
"I will—with all my might!"

And then the wind began to sweep,
And blow, and blow, and blow.
The little leaf said to the branch,
"I guess I'll have to go."

And so the leaf it said "Good-by"
To the twig, the branch, the tree;
And down it fell to the earth below,
As softly as could be.

GREGORY HARTSWICK.

THE LOST DOLL.

HAVE you seen a big doll
In the tall grasses night?
She wore a blue frock
Colored just like the sky.

Her eyes were blue, too.
Her hair was so neat!
It curled in bright ringlets,
Which made her look sweet.

I have looked, but can't find her,
All over the place,
Through the house and the garden—
Why, what is that face?

It can't be my baby!
Why, so it is, too!
Who took you out here, sweet?
Now, do tell me true.

NANNETTE F. HAMBURGER.
(eight years old).

KINTYRE, ARGYLLSHIRE, SCOTLAND.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I have often started a letter to you, but never sent it away. We have taken you for nineteen years, but none of us ever wrote to you before. Papa keeps all our numbers to be bound. We have a great many bound already. There is no book in the house so popular as ST. NICHOLAS.

We live in the West Highlands of Scotland, in a very pretty parish where papa is a minister. He has just written a history of this parish. There is not much Gaelic spoken here now. I can only speak a word or two, myself. In summer we bathe and play golf. I learned to swim last summer. The Duke of Argyll often stays here in summer, at a house called Macharich, which was built for Princess Louise. I have often seen him, last summer especially.

Your faithful reader, MARY YOUNG.

CHISELHURST, KENT, ENGLAND.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I have read with great interest the tale entitled "Through the Earth"; but there is

one point concerning it upon which I am not quite clear, and I hope you will help me out of the difficulty.

In the last chapter, when William was thinking over his experiences with the water-tank, he talks about a pressure of fifteen pounds to the square inch on the bottom (or rather, the top, for he had passed the earth's center) of the water. Where could this pressure come from? It could not be atmospheric, for the tube through which he was traveling was vacuum, and it would then press on the top as much as on the bottom; neither could it be anything to do with gravity, or the decrease in the speed of the car. And why did it not blow the lid of the tank off as soon as the tap was turned on? Would not things have happened as they did without this pressure?

Hoping you will answer my questions in your next number, I remain your interested reader,

T. W. MARTIN.

THE questions in the foregoing letter were referred to the author of "Through the Earth," who sends this reply:

YOUR correspondent seems to forget that there was air in the car at ordinary atmospheric pressure, and that air not only presses downward, but presses upward and in all other directions as well, as is fully explained in elementary works on physics.

The reason the lid of the tank was not blown off when the tap was turned is that this lid was held down by the pressure of the air above it, which exactly counterbalanced that of the air below the tap.

The water would be forced out only if a partial vacuum were formed above it, as the pressure from below would then become greater than the pressure from above.

Yours very truly,

CLEMENT FEZANDIÉ.

"FIELD PLACE," MONTECITO, CALIFORNIA.

MY DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: Your magazine has given me a great deal of pleasure. I have been taking it about a year, and have enjoyed reading the other children's letters so much that I thought I should like to write you one, too. I live at a place called Montecito, near Santa Barbara, and we have a lovely home, with pretty flowers and great live-oaks all around the house, a view of the Pacific Ocean in front, and the Santa Inez Mountains behind. I have two little sisters, called Katharine and Barbara. Katharine is four years old, Barbara is two, and I shall be eleven next September. I have a teacher all for myself, and learn all my lessons, except dancing, at home. I have just finished one of Beethoven's Sonatas for Piano, and like it very much. I thought the "Lakerim Athletic Club" very exciting, and were not the "Just-So" stories funny? With love, your affectionate reader,

FLORENCE BEATRICE THAW.

WILLIAMSPORT, PA.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I have taken you for seven years, and I can hardly wait from month to month for your next number. Two summers ago I took a very pleasant trip up the Hudson River. I saw Stony Point, and Washington's Headquarters at Newburg, as well as many other places of interest. One day we started to visit West Point in a naphtha launch. On the way we met John Jacob Astor's yacht, which has been around the world. Our little launch was quite close, and we were just enjoying the swells from the yacht. We were preparing ourselves for the last and largest swell of all when, instead of the launch going over the swell, the swell dashed over the launch right into our laps! We had lots of fun, but we did not get to West Point.

I have no brothers or sisters, but am "the oldest and the youngest." Hoping I shall see this in print, I remain

Your friend and well-wisher,

LYDIA REINHOLD B—.

SONDERSHAUSEN IN THÜRINGEN, GERMANY.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: This is the first time that I have ever written to you. I am an American girl, and am twelve years old. We have been living in Germany for the past three years, in a little place called Sondershausen. We came here to study music and to learn the German language. I go to school every morning at half-past eight; in summer, at half-past seven. My sister went to London and stayed six weeks. On her return home she brought me a parrot for my birthday present. He is only one year old, and does very clever things. Every morning he has coffee and *brödchen* for breakfast, and a few nuts. He soaks his *brödchen* in the coffee to get it nice and soft—which is very bad manners. The other day he cunningly dropped a nut-shell in the coffee, and waited several minutes for it to soften. On taking it out he was much disappointed to find it still hard.

I remain your devoted reader,

MARGARET O'CALLAHAN.

NEW ORLEANS, LA.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: All of the United States soldiers that are here are paid a good deal of attention.

The river rises high here every year about May. It was that way last year, and is now rising rapidly.

Every year, when Mardi Gras comes around, the people mask and have gay times. In the day are the parades; in the night there are some parades and balls.

In the summer-time we go over to a little country resort in Mississippi called Waveland. You can see the pelicans flying around over there, and every now and then diving into the water to catch a fish. In the fall we fish, and catch Spanish mackerel, redfish, perch, trout (speckled and white), and catfish. The sheephead is a fine fish. The fish that is hated most by fishermen is the catfish. Once in a while you can catch a shark.

Down here a constitutional convention was in session, making a new constitution for Louisiana. I went there once, and a member made a motion and then voted against it.

Your regular reader,

WILLIAM KERNAN DART.

WE thank the young friends whose names follow for pleasant letters received from them: Justine Fitzpatrick, Sadie Stanforth, Mildred Winslow, Lillian E. M. Birch, Everingham Noble, Ruth Holmes, Cora Dinkelspiel, Helen Heizer, Rachel, Elsie, and Polly Holmes, Anna Louise Hedge, Ronald H. Pearce, Julia W. See, Charles Richard Dillon, Helen L. Myers, Ruth Boyden, Mabel J. Works, John F. Pollock, Phoebe Whitfield, Connor Lawrence, George J. Stockly, Edna Richards, Dorothy Baker, Katharine M. Browne, Arthur Warren Ingalls, Maggie C. Murray, Launce Wilson, Rebekah S. Knight, Caroline H. and Marjorie W., Elizabeth and Susie, Mary Louise Crosby, Ethel E., Margaret and Elizabeth Beby, Frank C. Osborn, Eva Dow, Beulah Lasher, S. Virginia Harmon, Anna L. D., W. W., Edgar H. Snow, M. Lacy Van Wagenen, Mary Tufts, Harriet, Dorothy Kane, Lucy G. Roberts, Florence Turner, Florence A. Dutton, Natalie Coffin, Louise Ruggles, Stacy Wood, Alfred Lowry, Jr., Lilian P. McOmber, Margaret Edwards, Jessie L. Clark, Marjorie Bowne, Lottie Sjöstedt, Charity G., "Betsy Trotwood," Marjorie Lane, Amelia F. M. Armstrong, Lovell W. Hurman, Virginia Gillesby, Elizabeth Jackson, Dorothy Russell Lewis, Marjorie Connor, Marion Allison, Catharine Baker Hooper, M. J. W., Margaret Budd, Walter Roberts, Mol Scheyer, Mary E. Fleming, Leslie Bell, Edith Conn, Phoebe F. Perry, Helen L. Peasley, Merritt Hodson, Lucie M. Davis, Charles G. Thorp, Theron Pierce, Helen Paris, Edward S. Welch, Maggie White, Helen Goodrich, C. Harmon Gregg, Beneta B. Conlin, John S. Gittings, Jr., Harold T. Husted, Dorothy L. Miller.

RHYMED TRANSPOSITIONS.

I LIE between New York and Maine.
But change my order; I contain
A Turkish ruler, or, perchance,
Some Southern fruit may meet your glance,
Or undrained ooze of marshy ground,
Or sign of happiness be found.

A. M. P.

ILLUSTRATED PRIMAL ACROSTIC.



EACH of the five small pictures may be described by a single word. When these words have been rightly guessed, and placed one below another, in the order in which they are numbered, the initial letters will spell the name of a distinguished man.

OBLIQUE RECTANGLE.



1. IN Paris. 2. The entire amount. 3. Evident.
4. Tropical fruits. 5. Homes of birds. 6. Remained at rest. 7. A very wise man. 8. Loves to excess.
9. At no time. 10. A number. 11. To appeal. 12. Modern. 13. In Paris.

EVA HAMILTON.

NOVEL SQUARE.

1. To let fall. 2. To travel. 3. Difference in favor of one and against another. 4. A Spanish dollar.

The diagonal, from the upper left-hand letter to the lower right-hand letter, will spell the name of a famous queen.

SIGOURNEY FAY NININGER.

DOUBLE ACROSTIC.

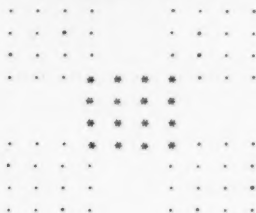
My primals and finals spell the name of a great American statesman.

CROSS-WORDS (of unequal length): 1. A blacksmith's tool. 2. A musical composer. 3. A bird of the crow

family. 4. A king of the West Goths. 5. A king of Syracuse. 6. Belonging to the air. 7. A noted general of the Revolution.

CHARLES PAESCHKE, JR.

CONNECTED SQUARES.



- I. UPPER LEFT-HAND SQUARE: 1. A poet. 2. The century-plant. 3. A flower. 4. Achievement.
II. UPPER RIGHT-HAND SQUARE: 1. To sharpen. 2. A warm place. 3. Necessity. 4. Concludes.
III. CENTRAL SQUARE: 1. The upper part of a furnace. 2. Above. 3. A confused mass. 4. Previously.
IV. LOWER LEFT-HAND SQUARE: 1. Unadorned. 2. Surface. 3. To raise. 4. Parts of the body.
V. LOWER RIGHT-HAND SQUARE: 1. Accent. 2. Lyric poems. 3. Low. 4. To see at a glance.

FRED T. KELSEY AND ROGER HOYT.

CONCEALED DOUBLE ACROSTIC.

THIS nonsense will tell, if you study it well,
Of how and of why an explosion befell.

CROSS-WORDS:

1. "If I jingle the bell," said dear little Nell,
"You will know I 'm a peddler with something to sell."
2. "Play scissors to grind," I answered. "You 'll find
That mine are as dull as a donkey that 's blind."
3. "My cutting-board shows what every one knows —
That scissors from Cairo are duller than hoes."
4. "Oh, that will be nice! I will sharpen them twice,
And do it my best, at exactly your price."
5. "And then," added she, "if you 'll buy things of me,
I 'll bring for your headache a pound of green tea."
6. "'T will be great fun to play I 'm a peddler all day,
Until you are tired and send me away."
7. Such a love-in-the-mist I could not resist,
And the peddler was put in a corner and kissed.
8. "To-morrow," said I, "you will laugh till you cry
At the comical ledger I 've promised to buy."
9. "You will laugh till you cry, for you 'll understand why
The monkey stoned raisins for Jack Horner's pie."
10. "You will laugh till you make your little sides ache
At the caramel evenings on Butter-scotch Lake."
11. "Though I 'm not fond of crust, I can and I must
Eat hot buttered toast, and you like it, I trust."
12. "If to this you agree, the neighbors shall see
That a peddler from Vassar dines daily with me."

ANNA M. PRATT.



"THERE STOOD LITTLE MARGERY, SHAKING HANDS GRAVELY WITH THE OFFICERS WHO PRESSED ABOUT HER."

(SEE STORY "MARGERY AND THE CAPTAIN.")